

AL GOLDSTEIN'S

National SCREW

\$1.95

FEBRUARY, 1977



From the desk of
AL GOLDSTEIN

GREAT!!
PUT LOTS OF HER INSIDE.
I ALSO WANT TO SEE
IN THIS ISSUE...
THE ANDY WARHOL PROFILE,
WILL EISNER'S INCREDIBLE
NEW CARTOON,
A REPORT ON
THE SLEAZE CONVENTION,
...AND LOTS OF LAUGHS!
AL

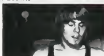
Perpetrators



Victor Bockris



Paul Bresnick



Christopher Makos



Trixie A. Balm



Dean Latimer



Al Hazard



John Holmstrom



J. Hoberman



M.V. Clayton



Tuli Kupferberg

Victor Bockris, who interviewed Andy Warhol and various other Factory workers, says he is one of the first people in the world to receive a copy of Warhol's *Interview* magazine—a distinction presumably worth several points on some people's status charts. Christopher Makos is "the most modern photographer in America," according to modern photography expert Andy Warhol.

When Copy Editor, Paul Bresnick ("Whoopie! We're All Gonna Die"), is not mangling the otherwise perfectly coherent stories here at NATIONAL SCREW, he's busy sabotaging the production operation at *The Village Voice*, hacking out dull articles and book reviews, or slaving away at his totally worthless doctoral dissertation on American sea literature.

The father of modern adult cartooning, Will Eisner ("The Quality of Life"), has been perfecting his craft for almost 40 years. His experiments with cinematic storytelling and drawing set the style for his still-flourishing *Spirit* magazine, created in 1938.

"Hard to cultivate a Georgia peach in New York," says Trixie A. Balm ("Television: Live and in Color"), whose writing career got rolling with rock reviews for *The Village Voice* and *Creem* at age 18. Still a college student, Ms. A. Balm plans to be "a scholar, performer, and author." Look out, America!

Dean Latimer, crazed, crooked-toothed creator of "Monsters Mash, Maim, Maw!" regularly bicycles his tattered copy to us from his subterranean hovel on the Lower West Side of New York City.

The obscure author of "Will the Real Doctor Fu Manchu Please Get It Up?" Al Hazard (Ali al Hazard), is a Turk who left his homeland several years ago under somewhat cloudy circumstances. Since coming to Sin City, he has scripted two poem features, *Teenage Twists* and *Vampire Lust*. Under a number of pen names, Al has worked for such less than reputable publications as the *New York Times*, *The Village Voice*, and *High Times*. He is presently working on his memoirs. They are very frightening.

J. Hoberman ("Arcade: The Comic Book Comes of Age") has written on film and comics for *The Village Voice*, the *Berkeley Barb*, and the *Monster Times*. Hoberman, who was born and lives in NYC, is also co-director of a number of mixed media events, including *Vague Out on Main Street*, *Hot Chuchkas*, and the award-winning *Breakdown at the Superbowl*.

M.V. Clayton, lover of trees, is anonymous. Through painstaking research efforts, however, we have determined that he was born in a small clapboard house on James Street in Greer, South Carolina. Anyone with information on his whereabouts, contact the dog pound post haste.

Our sleazy story on the Sleaze Convention was scribbled on motel decorator toilet tissue by "Sleazy" John Holmstrom, who is very young and hasn't done too much with his life: viz., he is editor of *Punk* magazine.

The aging Tuli Kupferberg probably compiled the collection of famous last words ("Goodbye Cruel World") in preparation for his own imminent demise.

CORRECTION: "The Peyote Papers," which appeared in NATIONAL SCREW #2, was written by Norman Spinrad.

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JAMIE WYETH: He's that *rara avis*—a serious artist successful in his own time. Writer Jeff Goldberg captures Wyeth's post-pop representational style in his "Jamie: A Portrait."

Photo-portraits of beautiful and not-so-beautiful folks, such as JOE DALLESSANDRO, IGGY POP, TERRY SOUTHERN, LARRY RIVERS, WILLIAM BURROUGHS, ALICE COOPER, STEPHEN VARELE and CANDY DARLING, by poet and photographer GERALD MALANGA.

MARILYN CHAMBERS: 99 and 44/100 per cent pure Marilyn, touched by the so-called human hands of Al Goldstein, and brought to you in living, golden color.

CONDOMS: Boyd Hunter and the NATIONAL SCREW commando unit spent a glorious week sampling the new breed of Coney Island oysters, and the survey results are indispensable for any pro or pro-user.

UGLY GEORGE:
Ray Schultz on the pussy prowl with the king of street porn.

Still hungry?
Munch on these:

HOT BOXES...

round-table clit klatch on

female masturbation...

SUN-BROWNE BUNS...

sci-fi fun....

MOUHWATERING

MAMMARIES...

the absolute no-fault diet

faulted....

Malice in Wonderland's

final fling... parody, ridicule,

outrage... plus the most

SUMPTUOUS SPREADS

that ever graced your table.

In
March's
National
Screw

THE PUBLISHER'S CORNER

When Al Goldstein crawled into the room on his hands and knees, his 270 pounds of blubber reminiscent of the body of an aging fat walrus, I assumed he had come to give me head. Instead, he tearfully pleaded with me to publish NATIONAL SCREW.

The idea of a slick magazine devoted to the premise that sex is fun and often very funny was an appealing one. I recalled a recent visit to Elysium, the nudist camp in Topanga Canyon, California, where Jackie Davison asked me: "Why do people always seem so serious during the act of sex? Fucking should be a happy experience."

I agree. NATIONAL SCREW is going to take the groan and the grunt out of groin action. In its place we will offer you good healthy laughter.

This is not just another "tits and ass" magazine. That would hold no particular attraction for me.

I'm not a mood maker. I'm an earth shaker.

I don't write about history. I make it.

A reader wants to know who I am.

I'm the fellow who, 20 years ago, launched the sexual revolution when I published a collection of essays by Dr. Albert Ellis titled *Sex Without Guilt*—and particularly his first chapter, "New Light On Masturbation."

(*Esquire* wouldn't take an ad for it, saying it was "too pro-sex." But it was the first sex book ever to be advertised openly in the *New York Times*. And the first book to advocate masturbation as being both normal and healthy.)

A short time later I defied the U.S. Post Office ban against sending birth control information through the mails. This was then a serious crime. Again it was a book by Dr. Ellis, *The Art and Science of Love*, which contained a complete chapter on the subject. We told the P.O. we thought it was time to change the machinery that allowed the Catholic church storm troopers to dictate what other people could read. The P.O. backed down and that was the end of that.

Years ago in New York City, men went to jail for selling simple photographs of nude women whose pubic hair hadn't been airbrushed out. Sentences averaged one year. I openly defied the law by publishing *Sun-Warmed Nudes*—a collection of totally nude beautiful women with thick pubic bushes as photographed by Andre de Dienes.

I destroyed the U.S. Customs ban against bringing in "pornographic literature" when, with the aid of then Attorney General Robert Kennedy, I forced the release by Customs officials of 7,000 copies of *Kama Kala* they were holding and threatening to destroy. And that was the end of the Customs ban.

Eight years ago I told a young lady who worked for me that I wanted her to write a book. "I want you to make cocksucking respectable in America," I told her. Thus *The Sensuous Woman* was born. The book made cocksucking respectable not only in America but in fourteen nations throughout the world.

And that is but a small part of it all. I'm a "breakthrough" publisher. I pioneer rather than imitate. And in everything I have done in publishing I have tried to set an example of courage in action.

Freedom of the press is not a theory. It cannot survive if what is published is limited to material approved by the establishment.

Freedom of the press means the freedom to publish anything short of libel.

In our case it means daring to do what others would like to do.

That's NATIONAL SCREW.

—Lyle Stuart

Our Master's Voice



THE ODD COUPLE

You may wonder who that rotund and bloated bit of excreta on the opposite page is, but it's none other than the P.T. Barnum of book publishing and the Reverend like of atheists, Lyle Stuart. Lyle's first big hit as a book publisher was that memorable classic, *Winning Dutch Windmills on a Bet*. His next big socko success was titled, *If This Is Page 360, Why Don't I Read Like Dostoevsky*. His newest contribution to the world of publishing has just appeared on the best-seller list: *How Pussy Eaters Can Grow Hair On Their Tongues In Three Easy Lessons*.

Lyle Stuart is to book publishing what enemas are to hygiene—messy, but necessary evils. Since he owns 50 per cent of the action in NATIONAL SCREW, we will have to suffer through his shrill monologues in order to get to the really good content—ME. This is our third issue of NATIONAL SCREW and our print run has already gone up 50 per cent. People are ecstatic over the contents of this witty, yet flaky, new men's magazine. In this issue, we get even better (or is it worse?). We give you an inside peek at Andy Warhol and show you photos of the water sports of *Hustler* publisher, Larry Flynt, as he auditions to be a whale in the remake of the movie *Jaws*. Showing that class and ass can make it side by side, we have the famous Will Eisner joining the already fantastic Wally Wood as our cartoon mavens. You'll find out how to lick assholes while doing crossword puzzles. You'll find out what famous people say before they croak so you can plan your script and, in short, laugh your way to your next coronary or ejaculation.

You know the why. What about the who?

As I promised last month, it's time to introduce you to some more of the people responsible for this publishing putsch. While none of them are used to the limelight, and deservedly so, they do at times resemble functioning human beings, and for that they deserve mention. Associate Editor Mara Mills, for instance, in addition to her ability to turn simple English into convulsively convoluted constructions, serves occasionally as a handsome bookend. Her counterpart in the art department, Scott MacNeill, has distinguished himself in the world of publishing by his ability to remember, at least once a month, the difference between a pen and a pencil, even though he is rarely able to achieve a straight line with either. And then there is Yossarian, Special Projects Editor, whose contribution to each issue of NATIONAL SCREW consists of entertaining us all with fractured versions of rare Donny Osmond songs. To round out our crew of quasi-competents, there is Copy Editor Paul Bresnick. Contrary to the standards of most copy editors, who strive for perfection, classically trained Paul takes the Socratic view that perfection is a fit goal for gods only, and that it would be impertinent for mere humans to have similar aims. Thus, any typos in NATIONAL SCREW [sic] are to be seen not as mistakes, but as profound affirmations of fallable humanity.

—Al Goldstein

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Randy's an animated
picture book

Randy

Photos by
James
Hamilton

With a dragon on her thigh, a heart on her abdomen, and a flying horse on her buttock, Randy's an animated picture book whenever she's nude. Her creamy skin makes a perfect canvas to set off the rich color of her tattoos, which pulsate with every movement of her body.

Randy's no stranger to "body art." In the Age of Conceptual Art, Randy lent her body for the art of body painting. "Even then, I had a hankering for using my body as canvas or palette. You could call it a desire to express myself physically."

For a while, she was smeared with tempera and rolled lusciously on canvas spread on the floor. "I was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and UCLA. Of course, no one could tell it was me since it was abstract—but I used to get a kick standing in front of the paintings and watching everyone looking at them."

It wasn't enough, however. The need to express herself with her body in the visual medium demanded a more concrete message. "Reading Ray Bradbury's story about the illustrated men was the turning point. It's about a dude who is covered with tattoos and each one is another story. I wanted my body to tell stories."

Randy's body does indeed tell stories, wonderful, magical ones—for those close enough to read the fine print. As each tattoo is added, a new chapter is written. "Someday," says Randy, "I'll be reviewed by the *New York Times Book Review*... Illustrated, of course."

"I've always had a hankering for using my body as a canvas.
You could call it a desire to express myself physically."





Randy's body tells wonderful, magical stories—
for those close enough to read the fine print.



Catherine Curme

Warhol in Three Pieces

by Victor Bockris

Photographs by Christopher Makos



Unt Fred



Fred Hughes



Bob Colacello

Allen Ginsberg:
 "The very emptiness
 of his nature
 is almost zen."



"If you don't have to think about it,
 it's right."

Sometimes magazine stories are telling the truth, but then they make it sound so unreal you just can't believe it.

—Andy Warhol

ONE

Before she died recently in a Pittsburgh nursing home, Andy Warhol's mother, with whom he shared an up-town Manhattan townhouse for many years, summed him up as follows: "By having this European blood in him from Czechoslovakia, he represents the American and the European fused together and he's very keen and sensitive to everything that goes on every day and wherever he goes he registers it like a photographic plate."

"The Czechs, they are beautiful men, you must understand. They are sexy and oh, the Czechs and the Yugoslavs, they are the most beautiful men in the world and they have the guts."

"Somebody once said to me, 'When you are born in Europe and you come to America you have such red cheeks and after ten years you are pale, you are pale, you have no blood anymore.' But Andy, he's pale now but he still has his red cheeks inside and so he has his energy, this terrific energy, and he goes out and he registers everything and he does that everything and he becomes everything."

"I love him. I love my Andy, oh I'm so glad I'm his mother. He's great. That I did that, you know that, that's really a creation. Don't you think it's a creation

to produce Andy Warhol? I, Mrs. Warhol, I sometimes don't believe that I could do that. But you see all the things he does, the good and the bad and the lousy and the shocking, terrible and the fairies and the girls and the boys and the drugs. It's all here. It's all in him. And he pours it out and he pours it out and he gives everything, so that's why he's a great artist."

An increasingly large number of people would agree with Mrs. Warhol's opinion of her son. At 48, Andy Warhol obviously has a lot more surprises in store for us. In an attempt to get some hard information about his current circumstances, I checked in at The Factory, collected these questions, and their answers.

TWO

1. *Is Andy Warhol cheap?*

I asked the actress Cyndia Foxe how much she got paid for being in Warhol's new movie *Bad*.

"Enough. I've always hated it how people criticize Andy for not paying people. The people who were in his earlier films were lucky beyond the word lucky. The opportunities they got from being in these films they couldn't have gotten anywhere else."

It's true that Andy makes a lot of money—mostly from his paintings—but as his agent Leo Castelli points out, "he pumps most of it back into his Factory enterprises." Rather than becoming wealthy, he is constantly taking risks by

attempting bigger and better works.

2. *Who is Andy's ideal man?*

Donald Duck.

3. *What is Andy Warhol like as a person?*

"He is and he isn't his image," says Vincent Fremont. "He's very aggressive, he's very outgoing, and then he's very shy. His image has softened. Nowadays he's much easier to get to talk to . . . He gets very scared of people, but then he loves people. . . . Andy has a lot of quirks—he's eccentric. But he's very concerned with this whole thing he's building up, he's very aware of what he's doing, he's very aware of how much he works. He's a person who's really worked at his life to make it what he wanted."

4. *Who is Vincent Fremont?*

The 26-year-old Vincent Fremont has been with Andy since 1968. He began working at The Factory as a janitor. He is now vice president of Andy Warhol Enterprises.

5. *Does Andy care if people like him?*

"I really think people should never have time to think about questions like that," he says. "You know, the soap operas tend to encourage people to think about their problems too much, but they should just work a lot. I sort of want to be liked, but it's easier not to get involved with people, so then you don't have to think whether they like you or not. Anyway, when people talk about becoming friends, what they really want is somebody they can talk to about them-

(continued)

Gore Vidal:
"He is the only genius
with an IQ
of 85."



"I would rather watch someone buy their underwear than read a book they wrote."

Warhol

(continued)

selves. No, my wife is my best friend, and that's my tape recorder."

6. Who does Andy Warhol remind you of most?

Muhammad Ali.

7. What is it like to work for Andy?

"He can be very obtuse, or crazy," says Vincent. "You have to take what he says and put it into a form. Andy's very vague sometimes. He'll call a stapler a clicker."

"Andy's not easy to work with," agrees Bob Colacello.

8. Who is Bob Colacello?

At 29, the urbane Colacello is editor of *Interview* magazine and Andy's social secretary. He is awakened at 9 a.m. every morning by a phone call from Andy, who likes to start the day off by gossiping about the night before.

9. What does Andy admire most in a person?

Big tits.

10. What's an average day in the life of Andy Warhol?

On the average day, Andy Warhol wakes up at 8 a.m. As Vincent Fremont is downtown unlocking the bulletproof door of The Factory at 9 a.m., Andy is picking up the phone to make his first call of the day. While he spends his morning on the telephone, the various members of his tightly knit ten-person staff drift into The Factory. By 11, everyone is assembled and at work.

"Every once in a while," laughs Vincent, "Andy loves to come running in at

9:30 and he goes, 'Wu...wu...well where is everybody?' He knows no one is going to be there except me. And then he catches everyone being late. He loves it!" But Andy usually arrives around 11:30.

Between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. there's hectic activity. Businessmen, artists, journalists, and "kids with their portfolios" file through. Everybody always wants to show Andy things. At 1 p.m., there's a social, or more often business, lunch. The phones ring constantly. Party invitations stack up to the ceiling, and the parade of visitors, meetings, and discussions of various projects goes on through lunch and up until about 4 p.m., when Andy retires to his cluttered workroom in the back and works on his painting projects. At 7 p.m. Vincent and he are the last to leave.

Andy goes out every night. He says he always wants to be at home, but he likes glamorous things and glamorous people and is happiest when he's surrounded by them. Some nights he has one or two invitations, some nights five.

In the '60's he slept one or two hours a night, but since he was shot he's had to be careful. His chest is a mass of scars.

11. Who is Andy's favorite artist?

Walt Disney. Because he's frozen.

12. What is Andy working on these days?

(a) A new movie called *Bad*, starring Carol Baker and Perry King, directed by Jed Johnson. This \$1.25 million, all union project, is not an underground movie and is bound to cause a sensation on release. It features an all-female hit service.

(b) Six different sets of paintings,

including his portrait of Jimmy Carter, a portrait of the American Indian, Russell Means, a set of skulls, a set of animal heads, and a set of hammer and sickle portraits (\$25,000 for one 40 by 40 inch painting).

(c) *Interview* magazine. Though *Interview* is officially Bob Colacello's responsibility, Andy works on it a good deal these days. Apart from the major interview he does for each issue (recently with Diana Ross and Catherine Deneuve), he inspects each page before it goes to press and oversees the layout of various items. "Andy has a superb mind for detail," says Colacello, "and he will often make slight changes that will enhance a layout enormously."

(d) *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol* (Harcourt Brace and Jovanovich, \$7.95) was published last year and now he is working on a number of different book projects. He is also organizing his own publishing company called Andy Warhol Books (backed by Grosset and Dunlap).

13. How come Andy is so successful?

"Success isn't anything," he says. "I just work all the time." He does work all the time. He enjoys what he does. Also he has a very efficient and faithful staff, many of whom have been with him for years. He follows his intuitions very closely and is a very smart businessman.

14. Does Andy "do" his own work or what?

He often jokes about giving the impression that he doesn't do anything. He once told an exasperated journalist who asked what he had to do with his films, "I just go to all the parties." The truth is more interesting: with the help of his



The only avant-garde magazine
in touch with reality.



In the consensus of opinion,
Bad will shock people.

closest business and creative adviser Fred Hughes, he has gathered around him a group of people who are adept at interpreting his desires. So while it is true that Jed Johnson directed *Bad* and Bob Colacello edits *Interview*, they both work as interpreters of Andy's ideas. During the making of *Bad*, Andy was actually on the set every day and had long conferences with Jed Johnson and script-supervisor Pat Hackett.

15. Who is Fred Hughes?

The slim, dapper, diplomatic president of Andy Warhol Enterprises, Hughes is an ace businessman who is largely responsible for arranging the finances of the Warhol world so that Andy can make enough money from his paintings to support his other projects. Also, Andy's technical assistant in the arts, Ronnie Cutrone, reports that Fred is responsible for hiring the people who can best interpret Andy, and it is due to his judicious choice of employees that there is no jealousy or argument at The Factory where, incidentally, everyone gets paid the same salary, except Fred. He gets less. Of course, Andy attracts a lot of money and the people around him can pick up on it by selling ads for *Interview* or by selling his paintings and getting commissions.

16. Does Andy like children?

Yes. Contrary to some rather dated opinions, Andy is neither satanic nor sadistic. He gave one of his most famous interviews to a 12-year-old. He is close friends with the five-year-old Jade Jagger. He is teaching her how to paint. And he is teaching Tatum O'Neal how to care about money and keep all her fur

coats in the closet.

17. Does he have any advice for young people in the U.S. today?

"Yeah. Stay young and work. I think they should all take domestic positions. I think they're the most glamorous positions. You meet the most interesting people, and you can just watch."

18. Does he have any peculiar habits?

He sleeps in hotel rooms with all his clothes on, claiming that "if you are tucked in tight with your shoes on it's quite comfortable."

19. Why do some people still hate Andy Warhol?

He reminds them of themselves.

20. Does he take drugs?

No.

21. What does he like to do most?

He says he is most interested in "getting through the day," but Andy loves his work. He also loves to talk, particularly about relationships and people and sex, and he likes to start rumors. He is happiest when he's attending the most glamorous event in town, like dinner at the White House for the Shah of Iran. "I did enjoy that," he says, "but I was so scared Mrs. Ford was going to ask me to dance, I stayed in the other room."

22. Girls.

Andy's favorite girl friend is the English aristocrat Catherine Guinness whom Fred Hughes imported from London recently so she could learn about journalism at *Interview*. Andy and Catherine go out together constantly.

23. What does the future hold for Andy?

His own TV show.

24. When it's all over, how would he most like to be remembered?

He thought it was all over already.

THREE

I asked Allen Ginsberg what he thought of Andy Warhol as an American hero. He said: "Everything he's done has been very useful. I'm beginning to appreciate his personality. The very emptiness of his nature is almost zen, really. The fact that things pass in and out of his person without him getting hung up, his laconism is mistaken for some mysteriousness, but I think he's just very often completely straight. All he's doing is making people more aware of who they are."

I asked Gore Vidal what he thought about the intelligence of Andy Warhol. He said: "He is the only genius with and IQ of 85. And I don't mean that in a pejorative way: his emphasis is more on the genius than the lowness of his IQ. He is sort of a cultural litmus paper."

I asked Lou Reed if he had a favorite artist of the 20th century.

"Andy Warhol."

"Absolutely? Period?"

"Absolutely."

"The greatest artist of the century?"

"Of any century."

One of Warhol's recent portraits was of Jamie Wyeth who painted him in return. Warhol says of Wyeth, "Jamie's peculiar, maybe even more peculiar than I am." To find out why, read next month's NATIONAL SCREW interview with the youngest, and perhaps richest of the Wyeth dynasty.

—Ed.

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD...

and other last words people were *dying* to say.

From *The Worst of Everything* by Tull Kupferberg

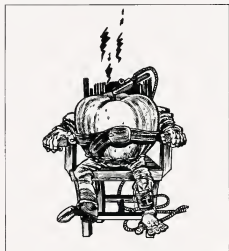
Eugene Aram (another convicted murderer, on being asked on scaffold if he had anything to say): "No."

George C. Atcheson, Jr. (as plane crashed near Hawaii): "Well, it can't be helped."

Jean de la Barre (executed in 1766 at the age of 19 for mutilating a crucifix): "I did not think they would put a gentleman to death for such a trifle."

Anne Boleyn (kneeling to the beheading block in 1536, clasping her neck in her hands): "It is small, very small indeed."

Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI (on the scaffold): "In the name of modesty, cover my bosom."



George Appell (a convicted murderer, as he was strapped into the Chicago electric chair): "Well, folks, you are about to see a baked Appell."

Don Byrne (killed in an auto accident): "I think I'll go for a drive before dinner. Anyone come along?"

Hart Crane (as he jumped overboard): "Goodbye, everybody!"

Cuban chief (being exhorted to change his faith by Spaniards): "I thank my gods that I am going, as you say, to hell, for there I shall, at any rate, meet no Christians."



Vachel Lindsay (suicide with delirium of persecution): "They tried to get me; I got them first."



Barney Barnato (before jumping overboard): "What's the time?"

Ned Kelly, Australian desperado (as the hangman adjusted the noose around his neck): "Oh well, that's life I suppose."

Capt. L.E.G. Oates of the ill-fated Scott Polar Expedition, 1912: "I am just going outside and may be some time."



Kit Carson: "Wish I had time for just one more bowl of chili."

Adolph Fischer, Haymarket anarchist (as the hangman's cap was placed over his face): "Don't drow it so tight. I can't breathe. . . . This is the hoppiest moment of my life."

Paul Pestel, Russian revolutionist (when rope broke by which he was to be hanged): "Stupid country where they do not know even how to hong."

Sir Walter Raleigh (to the axe of his executioner): "Tis o shorp medicine but o sound cure for oll diseases."

James Scott, Duke of Monmouth (headsman, being unnerved, inflicted several blows before the head was severed): "There ore six guineas for you ond do not hock me os you did my Lord Russell. I hove heord you struck him three or four times. My servont will give you more gold if you do your work well."

Henry Turrene (just before being struck by a cannonball): "I do not meon to be killed today."

Anonymous (scribbled on a wall in Pompeii): "Then oll grew silent."



Wing Commander Patty Finucane, WW II RAF (over radio as his Spitfire plunged into the English Channel): "This is lt, chaps."



William Palmer, the Rugely poisoner (as he stepped on the trap of the gallows): "Are you sure it's safe?"

Let's face it: the only way to clearly determine whether there is any kind of life after death is to find someone who has actually died and ask him.

Well, the fact is there are hundreds of people living and breathing today who were once dead: no pulse, no respiration, no brainwave activity—eighty-sixed. But they made it back. And here's the really weird part: they all report uncannily similar experiences.

In his book, *Life After Life*, Dr. Raymond Moody, a former philosophy professor, now a practicing psychiatrist, has reported the results of interviews he conducted with 50 hospital patients and accident victims who had all been declared clinically dead but were subsequently revived. Moody found that the similarities among the various accounts were so great that he could easily pick out several separate elements which turned up again and again in the mass of narratives he collected.

Here's what happens when you die—in the words of those who ought to know:

Hearing the News

"I was in the hospital, but they didn't know what was wrong with me. So Dr. James... sent me downstairs to the radiologist for a liver scan so they could find out. First, they tested this drug they were going to use on my arm, since I had a lot of drug allergies. But there was no reaction, so they went ahead. When they used it this time, I arrested on them. I heard the radiologist... go over to the telephone, and I heard very clearly as he dialed it. I heard him say, 'Dr. James, I've killed your patient.'"

Feelings of Peace and Quiet

After a severe head injury, this man's vital signs were undetectable: "At the point of injury there was a momentary flash of pain, but then all the pain vanished. I had the feeling of floating in a dark space. The day was bitterly cold, yet while I was in that blackness all I felt was warmth and the most extreme comfort I have ever experienced.... I remember thinking, 'I must be dead.'"

The Noise

A man who "died" during an abdominal operation describes "a really bad buzzing noise coming from inside my head. It made me very uncomfortable.... I'll never forget that noise." More often, however, the auditory effects accompanying death are reported to be more pleasant. One man who was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital recounts that during his death experience, "I would hear what seemed to be bells tingling, a long way off, as if drifting through the wind. They sounded like Japanese wind bells.... That was the only sound I could hear...."

The Dark Tunnel

"I had a very bad allergic reaction to a local anesthetic, and I just quit breathing—I had a respiratory arrest. The first thing that happened—it was real quick—was that I went through this dark, black vacuum at super speed. You could compare it to a tunnel, I guess. I felt like I was riding on a roller coaster train at an amusement park, going through this tunnel at a tremendous speed." This man died after severe

burns and fall injuries: "I stayed in shock for about a week, and during that time all of a sudden I just escaped into this dark void. It seemed that I stayed there for a long time just floating and tumbling through space.... I was so taken up with this void that I just didn't think of anything else."

Out of the Body

After his rapid passage through the dark tunnel, a dying person often has an overwhelming surprise: he finds himself looking upon his own physical body from a point outside of it. A woman who "died" in her hospital bed recalls, "I quit breathing and my heart stopped beating. Just then, I heard the nurses shout, 'Code pink! Code pink!' As they were saying this, I could feel myself moving out of my body and sliding down between the mattress and the rail on the side of the bed—actually it seemed as if I went through the rail—on down to the floor. Then, I started rising upward, slowly. On my way up, I saw more nurses running into the room.... I drifted on up past the light fixture—I saw it from the side and very distinctly—and then I stopped, floating right below the ceiling, looking down. I felt almost as though I were a piece of paper that someone had blown up to the ceiling. I watched them reviving me from up there! My body was lying down there stretched out on the bed, in plain view, and they were all standing around it. I heard one nurse say, 'Oh, my God! She's gone!' while another one leaned down to give me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. I was looking at the back of her head while she did this. I'll never forget

(continued)

Arthur Thompson

AFTERLIFE STUDIES

Whoopee! We're All Gonna Die

by Paul Bresnick

Whoopee

(continued)

the way her hair looked.... Just then, I saw them roll this machine in there, and they put the shocks on my chest. When they did, I saw my whole body just jump right up off the bed, and I heard every bone in my body crack and pop. It was the most awful thing! As I saw them below beating on my chest and rubbing my arms and legs, I thought, 'Why are they going to so much trouble? I'm just fine now.'

Meeting Others

Several of Moody's subjects said that while they were floating about in their "spiritual bodies" they became aware of the presence of other spiritual beings, who were apparently there to ease them through their transition into death. This is a typical account: "I realized that all these people were there, almost in multitudes it seems, hovering around the ceiling.... They were all people I had known in my past life, but who had passed on before.... They all seemed pleased. It was a very happy occasion, and I felt that they had come to protect or guide me. It was almost as if I were coming home, and they were there to greet or to welcome me. All this time, I had the feeling of everything light and beautiful. It was a beautiful and glorious moment." Sometimes, the spiritual beings are "strangers" and may take a more amorphous form: "While I was dead... I talked to people—and yet, I really couldn't say that I talked to any *bodily* people. Yet, I had the feeling that there were people around me, and I could feel their presence, and could feel them moving, though I could never see anyone. Every now and then, I would talk with one of them, but I couldn't see them. And whenever I wondered what was going on, I would always get a thought back from one of them, that everything was all right, that I was dying but would be fine.... I always got an answer back for every question that I asked."

The Being of Light

Now this is probably the most incredible common element in the accounts. At some point in their death-experiences, almost all of Moody's subjects reported being dazzled by a light of "unearthly brilliance." And not one of them, according to Moody, expressed any doubt whatsoever that this was a being—a *being of light*—emanating love and warmth. The dying person feels an "irresistible magnetic attraction" to the light, is ineluctably

drawn to it. And it communicates with him! The subjects report that direct, unimpeded transfer of thoughts takes place, and in such a clear way that there is no possibility whatsoever either of misunderstanding or lying to the light. It doesn't speak English (or any other human language), but Moody's resuscitators have translated the messages they received. Typically: "The first thing he said to me was, that he kind of asked me if I was ready to die, or what I had done with my life that I wanted to show him"; or, "The voice asked me a question: 'Is it worth it?'" The identification of the being varies from individual to individual and seems to be largely a function of religious backgrounds of the dying people involved: some call the light God, or Christ, or an angel, etc. But almost all meet up with it.

This is the account of a man who "died" from a ruptured appendix: "I began to feel a sort of drifting, a movement of my real being in and out of my body, and to hear beautiful music. I floated on down the hall and out the door onto the screened-in porch. There, it almost seemed that clouds, a pink mist really, began to gather around me, and then I floated right straight on through the screen, just as though it weren't there, and up into this pure crystal clear light, an illuminating white light. It was beautiful and so bright, so radiant, but it didn't hurt my eyes. It's not any kind of light you can describe on earth. I didn't actually see a person in this light, and yet it has a special identity; it definitely does. It is a light of perfect understanding and perfect love. The thought came to my mind, 'Lovest thou me?' This was not exactly in the form of a question, but I guess the connotation of what the light said was, 'If you do love me, go back and complete what you began in your life.' And all during this time, I felt as though I were surrounded by an overwhelming love and compassion."

In the following account, the fantastic being takes on some almost-human qualities: "I was out of my body, there's no doubt about it, because I could see my own body there on the operating

room table. My soul was out!... Then this really bright light came. It did seem that it was a little dim at first, but then it was this huge beam. It was a tremendous amount of light, nothing like a big bright flashlight, it was just too much light. And it gave off heat to me; I felt a warm sensation.... It was tremendously bright; I just can't describe it. It seemed that it covered everything, yet it didn't prevent me from seeing... the operating room, the doctors and nurses, everything.... At first, when the light came, I wasn't sure what was happening, but then, it asked, it kind of asked me if I was ready to die. It was like talking to a person, but a person wasn't there. The light's what was talking to me, but in a voice.... From the moment the light spoke to me, I felt really good—secure and loved. The love which came from it is just unimaginable, indescribable. It was a fun person to be with! And it had a sense of humor, too—definitely!"

The Review

The initial appearance of the being of light and its non-verbal questioning is usually a prelude to the classic "life-review." All Moody's subjects agree that the panoramic playback was incredibly vivid and real, and that although it contained almost every significant event in their lives, it was over "in an instant of earthly time." This is a representative version: "When the light appeared, the first thing he said to me was, 'What do you have to show me that you've done with your life?'... And that's when these flashbacks started. I thought, 'Gee, what is going on?' because, all of a sudden, I was back early in my childhood. And from then on, it was like I was walking from the time of my early life, on through each year of my life, right up to the present.... The things that flashed back came in the order of my life, and they were so vivid. The scenes were just like you walked outside and saw them, completely three-dimensional, and in color. And they moved.... I was there; I was actually seeing these flashbacks; I was actually walking through them, and



**"I know where
I'm going when I leave
here, because I've
been there before."**

it was so fast. Yet, it was slow enough that I could take it all in.... It just seemed that the light came, and then I went through these flashbacks, and the light came back.... I enjoyed going through this flashback. That was fun. I had a good time going back...."

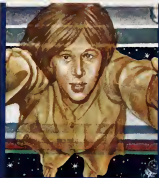
Others describe their reviews in slightly different terms: "It was like looking through a volume of my entire life and being able to do it within seconds. It just flashed before me like a motion picture that goes tremendously fast...." Or, "The best thing I can compare it to is a series of pictures, like slides. It was just like someone was clicking off slides in front of me, very quickly."

The Border or Limit

Many speak of approaching some kind of barrier while they are dying—a body of water, a gray mist, a door, a fence, or simply a line. "I 'died' from a cardiac arrest, and as I did, I suddenly found myself in a rolling field.... I looked ahead of me, across the field, and I saw a man on the other side of it, moving towards it as it to meet me. I wanted to reach him, but I felt myself being drawn back, irresistibly. As I did, I saw him, too, turn around and go back in the other direction, away from the fence." Another "corpse" tells of conversing with the white light: "In the presence of the light, the thoughts or words came into my mind: 'Do you want to die?' And I replied that I didn't know since I knew nothing about death. Then the white light said, 'Come over this line and you will learn.' I felt that I knew where the line was in front of me, although I could not actually see it. As I went across the line, the most wonderful feelings came over me—feelings of peace, tranquility, a vanishing of all worries." In this next account, the barrier is a door: "I looked up and saw a beautiful, polished door, with no knob. Around the edges of the door I could see a really brilliant light, with rays just streaming like everybody was so happy in there, and reeling around.... It seemed like it was awfully busy in there. I looked up and said, 'Lord, here I am. If you want me, take me.' Boy, he shot me back so fast it felt like I almost lost my breath."

Coming Back

The process of re-entry into the physical body is variously reported. Most can't recall exactly how they returned: "I don't remember getting back into my body. It was like I just drifted away, went to sleep, and then all of a sudden I woke right back up and I was lying in the bed." But some give remarkably detailed descriptions: "I was up there at



"I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is life after death."

the ceiling, watching them work on me. When they put the shocks on my chest, and my body jumped up, I just felt right back down to my body, just like a dead weight. The next thing I knew, I was in my body again." Others say they come back "through the head": "My 'being' seemed to have a small end and a large end, and at the end of my accident, after it had just hung suspended above my head, it came back in. When it left my body, it seemed that the large end left first, but coming back in, the small end seemed to come in first." Again: "As I was being sucked back, it seemed that the suction started from the head, like I went into the head. I didn't feel that I had any say-so about it at all, nor even any time to think about it. I was there, yards away from my body, and all of a sudden, it was over with. I didn't even have time to think, 'I'm being sucked back into my body.'"

As the result of their experiences, those who have "died" and been revived now have no fear of dying again, and are convinced that death is not the absolute end of existence. As one of them puts it, "I am thoroughly convinced that there is life after death, without a shadow of a doubt, and I am not afraid to die.... I always smile to myself when I hear people doubt that there is an afterlife, or say, 'When you're dead, you're gone.' I think to myself, 'They really don't know.'" Another resuscitee says, "I know where I'm going when I leave here, because I've been there before."

Dr. Moody is not as firmly convinced of the existence of an afterlife as his subjects are. He acknowledges that his evidence is purely anecdotal, and admits that it does not constitute hard, scientific proof. He does insist, however, that reports of death-experiences are genuine, and cannot be readily explained away as drug-induced hallucinations: the narratives are too clear and too similar to one another. Moody also dismisses cultural conditioning as an explanation because the experiences do not conform to contem-

porary American images of death. On the contrary, he asserts that "the picture of the events of dying which emerges from these accounts corresponds in a striking way with that painted in very ancient and esoteric writings totally unfamiliar to my subjects." In particular, Moody finds that the various stages of the death experience reported to him are remarkably analogous to images found in the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*: "The correspondence... is nothing short of fantastic." Reluctant to draw any outrageous conclusions, Moody closes his book by urging serious scientific analysis of the kind of data he has collected.

Extensive medical research on dying, near-death, and related experiences has, in fact, been going on for quite some time. Due primarily to advances in modern resuscitation technology, the investigation of the question of life after death has emerged from the abstract, speculative province of theologians and psychics into the rigidly objective realm of the medical sciences. As the population of modern-day Lazaruses grows, more and more researchers are scrutinizing eye-witness reports from the "other side" for possible clues to what happens at the moment of death—and thereafter.

One such researcher, Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, an internationally respected authority on the psychiatric dimensions of dying, goes further than Dr. Moody in her conclusions. On the basis of hundreds of interviews with terminally ill and once-clinically dead subjects, Dr. Kubler-Ross, like the survivor quoted above, is convinced that "death really does not exist." "It's not a matter of belief or opinion," the 50-year-old psychiatrist told a college audience last year. "I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is life after death." In the reports she has collected over the last eight years, Kubler-Ross has found the same common elements as Moody detected: the out-of-body experiences, the feelings of peace and

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Whoopee

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wholeness, the meetings with other spirits, the encounter with the being of white light. (Asked what she thought the white light might be, Kubler-Ross replied, "That light is God. God is the light and love these people experience. They are entering His presence. That, for me, is beyond the shadow of a doubt.") Kubler-Ross is most impressed, however, with the evidence of out-of-body consciousness—the ability of people whose life-signs have disappeared to accurately describe events taking place around them. "If you have a woman who has been declared dead in a hospital and she can tell you exactly how many people walked into the room and worked on her, this cannot be hallucination," she argues. "My job is to share what I know, not convince or convert. If other scientists or physicians can explain these cases in different terms, then it is up to them to come forward."

By far the most "scientific" investigation into the possibility of life after death has been done by Dr. Karlis Osis, psychologist and research director of the American Society of Psychical Research in New York. For almost 20 years, Dr. Osis has been gathering and analyzing data, "looking for emerging trends and patterns which might throw light on the possibility of post-mortem survival." In his monograph, "Deathbed Observations by Physicians and Nurses," crammed with tables, charts, and graphs, Osis tabulated by computer interviews with 640 doctors and nurses who reported deathbed visions by their patients. Several of the repeated patterns noted by Moody and Kubler-Ross showed up, but the most consistent element, according to Osis, was the "predominance of the dead as hallucinatory figures and also their more or less apparitional nature." The phrase "apparitional nature" seems to imply that these figures are some kind of ghosts. "In most cases the patient's perception of and response to the actual environment was intact during the experiencing of the hallucinatory visitor," Osis emphasizes that patients whose brains were impaired by high fever or disease reported fewer visions than those who were fully alert at death. Furthermore, he found that drugs administered to terminal patients actually decreased the coherence of their visions. "The sick-brain hypotheses we considered do not explain the visions," says Osis. He even tabulated physiological, cultural, and personality variables to see if they had any

How far is it from midtown?



relationship to the deathbed visions, and found that "the roots of this type of experience seem to go beyond the pronounced personality differences between the sexes; physiological factors such as type of illness; and beyond educational levels and denominational differences. . . . It might well be that this type of experience even goes beyond the individual himself and indicates an external activity presumably involving post-mortem existence of the dead." Osis concludes that "so far it looks as if patterns are emerging consistent with survival after death."

Death research is going on with increasing intensity throughout the country. There are several centers that are already devoted to investigating death experiences, including the Division of Parapsychology at the University of Virginia Medical School and the Stanford Research Institute in Palo Alto, California. Dr. Russell Noyes, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Iowa, recently had his observations on more than 100 subjects published in the journal *Psychiatry*. Dr. Stuart Twemlow, another psychiatrist who has studied out-of-body experiences, has come to the guarded conclusion "that it may be reasonable to say that there is a suggestion that something survives the body at death." There is a *Journal of Thanatology*, and another called, *Omega: An International Journal for the Study of Dying, Death, Bereavement, Suicide, and Other Lethal Behaviors*.

Afterlife studies have become quite a bit more sophisticated since the early part of this century, when one ingenious researcher claimed to have proven the existence of the soul by weighing people before and after they died, and finding that in each case body-weight had

diminished after death. Nevertheless, most orthodox medical people and researchers remain extremely skeptical. Many are reluctant to launch their full-scale attacks until they can see the data that Kubler-Ross plans to publish next year. Still, says psychiatrist Charles Dahlberg of N.Y.U., "I don't see how you can set up the control group needed to examine this subject scientifically. The afterlife is a matter of faith." The Rev. Eugene Kennedy, a well-known Catholic psychologist and author, believes life beyond death will always remain "an unteachable mystery." He feels that "intimations of immortality don't come from vaporous experiences at life's end but from the love and creativity we exercise to overcome the tragedies of life." Others acknowledge the validity of the reported death experiences, but explain them in psychodynamic terms (e.g., the Freudian view that these experiences are merely projections by the brain that the human organism produces in order to cope with the approach of death, or the Jungian view that these visions are archetypal emergences of the collective unconscious), or physiological terms (cerebral anoxia—lack of oxygen in the brain—is often mentioned), or cultural terms (religious conditioning). At the Cancer Research Institute of the University of California, Dr. Charles Garfield reports that cases of near-death experiences do come to his attention, but he insists they are rare.

"People are talking about this subject to a public that is thirsting for it," Dr. Garfield says. "It's not really fair. Soon you'll get 6,000 grandmothers in Des Moines starting a cult."

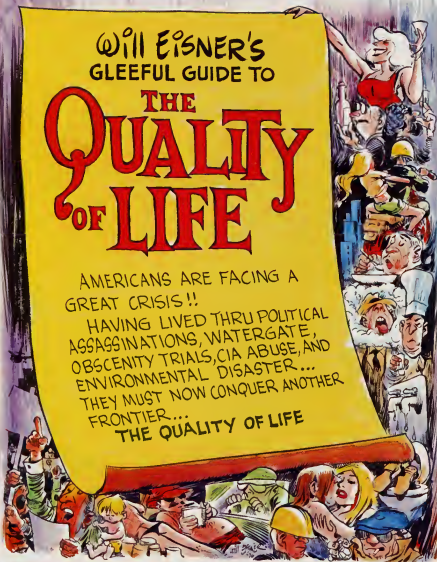
Certainly, the existence of life after death is not yet a proven scientific fact. But Moody, Kubler-Ross, Osis, and others have unearthed some intriguing phenomena that modern science has not yet adequately explained. And even if the enigmas of the afterlife were to be fully resolved, there would still be important questions to answer. There is, of course, the sex issue: is there any after death? And then there are some small theological matters. What are heaven and hell really like? Do they exist at all? And if there were no pearly gates or fire and brimstone, then we'd be free to sin with impunity and forget about accumulating good works. The entire heritage of Eastern and Western philosophy would have to be re-evaluated.

Woody Allen, for one, is already convinced there is an "unseen world"—all he wants to know is, how far is it from midtown and how late is it open? ●

Will Eisner's
GLEEFUL GUIDE TO
**THE
QUALITY
OF LIFE**

AMERICANS ARE FACING A
GREAT CRISIS!!

HAVING LIVED THRU POLITICAL
ASSASSINATIONS, WATERGATE,
OBSCENITY TRIALS, CIA ABUSE, AND
ENVIRONMENTAL DISASTER...
THEY MUST NOW CONQUER ANOTHER
FRONTIER...
THE QUALITY OF LIFE



CRIME

CRIME IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR METHODS CITIZENS CAN EMPLOY TO IMPROVE THEIR QUALITY OF LIFE! THIS IS SUPPORTED BY THE FACT THAT AMERICA'S PHENOMENAL RISE IN ITS STANDARD OF LIVING OVER THE PAST THREE DECADES WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUALLY ENORMOUS CRIME RATE GROWTH! HERE ARE SOME TYPES OF CRIME THAT CAN IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF OUR LIFE....

THE CRIME OF PASSION

THIS PROVES MANHOOD! ONCE A CITIZEN FEELS MORE MASCULINE HE WILL VOTE FOR A LARGER MILITARY BUDGET. THIS MAKES MORE EMPLOYMENT AND AN IMPROVED NATIONAL QUALITY OF LIFE!



ROBBERY...

ROBBERY IS THE REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH! EVIDENCE OF THIS CAN BE SEEN IN RECENT AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY.

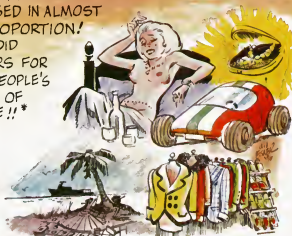
BETWEEN 1968 AND 1973 ROBBERY AND BURGLARY IN THE U.S ROSE ABOUT 20% WHILE AT THE SAME TIME THE NATION'S PER-CAPITA INCOME INCREASED IN ALMOST EQUAL PROPORTION!

...THIS DID
WONDERS FOR
OUR PEOPLE'S
WAY OF
LIFE!!*



*NOTE

Statistics show that robbers spend their sudden wealth on those segments of the economy that offer ways to improve our quality of life.



SINCE THE VICTIM IS USUALLY RICHER THAN THE ROBBER HIS QUALITY OF LIFE IS USUALLY IMPROVED!

The rich
victim
learns
new values
now that
he's lost
his
money.



His
mistress
will go
back to
domestic
service -
restoring
her
pride.



WADDYA MEAN..
YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT?
Y'WANNA RUIN
TH' ECONOMY??



SEXUAL OFFENSE

IN 1973...AT THE PEAK OF THEIR SOCIAL LIBERATION
AMERICAN WOMEN COMMITTED 3,648 OUT OF THE 43,364
SEX OFFENSES RECORDED IN THE U.S. THAT YEAR!

THIS WAS AN INCREASE OVER THE PREVIOUS YEARS AND
CLEAR EVIDENCE THAT FEMALE PARTICIPATION IN SEX CRIMES
IS DIRECTLY RELATED TO AN IMPROVED QUALITY OF LIFE.

MALE RAPISTS ARE PEOPLE WHO
SUFFER FROM SURPPRESSED ANGER.
VICTIMS SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED TO
RESIST SUFFICIENTLY SO THAT
THE ATTACKER'S LUST AND
LATENT RAGE OR SEXUAL
DEPRIVATION IS SATISFIED!



FEMALE RAPISTS SHOULD
BE ENCOURAGED!! A RAPED
MALE IS A HAPPY MAN
...FOR, HIS STATUS
AMONG HIS PEERS
WILL RISE!



SEXUAL MOLESTATION

WOMEN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED
TO SEXUALLY MOLEST MEN!! THIS WILL
MAKE WOMEN FEEL MORE LIBERATED...
AND MEN MORE DESIRABLE.

BOTH CAN CONTRIBUTE TO A
BETTER QUALITY OF LIFE!



INTERESTING HONEYMOON Views of NIAGARA FALLS

*Husband
Congratulations.*

THAT NIGHT

Between the Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious column of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, inasmuch that the Universe does not afford a parallel. At the foot of the horrible descent, we meet the Niagra River, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. The water falls from the horrible precipice to foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder.

There is an old legend of these falls, that of the Maid in the Mist, a beautiful bride who, having fallen 167 feet, had died and since haunted the torrent of water.

It was her honeymoon. Husband Moe had checked into the hotel, leered suggestively, and proposed a walk before bed. Hetty agreed, wishing to postpone the moment her mother had warned of, the ritual of marriage known as the taking of virginity.

They walked to the falls, the water cascading powerfully in the gathering dark. Moe left her to go to the souvenir stand to buy a suitable memento for her to cherish.

Hetty watched the water. Spewing forth with a terrible might, the water awakened hidden desires in her breast. It seemed an incredible flow of semen. She leaned toward the torrent, hearing the god-like moans coming from the depths. Hetty wanted to bathe her limbs in the onpouring rush, wanted to feel the male moisture between her breasts. She imagined the enormity of the penis capable of such immense ejaculation, and yearned to feel it between her thighs. Further and further she leaned, feeling droplets of the moisture on her face like a promise of unthwarted desire.

The thrusting water overcame her and Hetty joined with the falls in a final overpowering scream. Moe returned, holding in hand his gift of a brass bookend stamped with a picture of the falls. All that was left was the sound of a woman's moans as she united with a power beyond man.



ABREAST THE FALLS

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CAVE OF THE WINDS



CRACK OF OOM

Copyright Brooklyn Postcard Works



MAID OF THE MIST



Our Punkophile
tunes in
on the sound of
future rock.



David Aaker

TELEVISION Live and in Color

by Trixie A. Balm

Sensation: art's optimal effect. Television: to me the most effortlessly sensational new band the '70's have thus far nurtured. A group which, in the course of three years, has continually, astoundingly developed from a semicoherent convocation of musically unhinged bedlamites with an urgent adolescent-rush approach—into

an intense, mature band, stylistically sophisticated with often garbled surreal/romantic lyrics, dense, scintillant sounds wending out of the PA, a euphoric confluence of passions, colors, moods. Television has proved, for myself and SRO congregations, one of current rock's few saving graces.

Sounds like hype, huh? Like I'm pushing a product for whatever reasons, copywriting my way towards a record company position. Well, if that's your impression, scrap it. I love Television; have loved this group two years standing. They *mean* something to me. I couldn't resist writing about this group. I've been aroused by Television's music, touched like the boogyn'-to-Jerusalem Christ figure in *Greasers' Palace*, his laying on of hands working wonders—"If ya feel, yer healed."

Hearing Television live is, and has been, a thrill, a pleasure, and a privilege. A privilege because rock devotees outside of New York haven't ready access to Television (since they rarely played anywhere but downtown Manhattan or Long Island—CBGB's, primarily). Oh! If only they could've come... But, some out-of-towners *have* already heard Televi-

sion, via pilgrimage to the Bowery or cassette-scalping schmucks selling tapes at eight bucks a shot.

Since signing with Elektra/Asylum records, finally, after biding their time an almost unendurably long while, the group Television is now committed to vinyl. *All right!* Now, to be able to hear those frabjous songs anytime! To not have to suffer counting calendar frames till Television appears live, at one of several toe-crunching lower Manhattan rock 'n' roll clubs... "Fire Engine," "Prove It," "Foxhole," "Hard on Love," "Torn Curtain," "Psychotic Reaction," "O Mi A more," and more, at ready whim, in a preferred locale, at the volume of your choice, with whom you choose... Imagine.

Of course being able to hear Television on record will definitively mark the end of an informal era, eliminating whatever sense of community rock 'n' roll spirit sustained from the time Television started playing CBGB's over two years ago, culminating in co-bills with the pre-Arista Patti Smith group and the also wonderful Talking Heads. But, alas! Later for that. Wish these guys well; they deserve a recording con-

tract as much as their music merits it. Soon enough, you'll be feeling what I mean.

Television (from here on solely in reference to the musical group) is indeed difficult to describe live, for reasons of personal bias aforementioned. They're also descriptively elusive because their sublimity rests on subtle nuance. Like the 19th-century French symbolist poet Paul Verlaine, whose art strove to stroke pastel shadings in verse, Television's Tom Verlaine (an alias assumed in New York several years ago) conceives and executes music steeped in nuance. Classically/ poetically/ philosophically influenced, jazzy to boot, yet beyond all doubt, genuine great rock music. Chords, notes, choruses, riffs, melody and lyric suffuse into an ether of emotional thrust evoked by the right frequency waves slapping against, then smoothing into the others, in pitch, another key. All guitars precisely tuned, dynamically contrasting harmonics, the key.

Karen Berg, A&R person handling Television at Elektra/Asylum records, where the group signed a one-year, one-record contract, with options, on August

12, 1976, had only this to offer in way of an "official statement" when I called to ask why the company signed Television: "They're a really fine group. They're good. That's why we signed them," she sputtered over the phone, defensively. "Nobody has ever asked a question like why we signed a group or artist," implying that my question was not only impertinent and out of line but plain stoop-pit. Actually, considering the breed of artist cultivated on the Elektra/Asylum label (Judy Collins, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, laid back country-rock-folk music so slick you could cure constipation by downing two spoonfuls at bedtime), I felt my inquiry was quite justified. I guess Elektra/Asylum people are wising up at last, taking out stock in American '70's rock for the future by signing Television, a group whose past figures into the story right about now.

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For historical anecdotes as well as an hour of stimulating jovial company, I spoke with Terry Ork over a Sony mini-recorder and a homous platter in Shelley's Coffee Shop, right around the corner from Terry's place of employment, Cinemabilia. Soberly attired though brimming with his usual levity, darkly tinted, owlish, pink glasses co-occupying his full-bearded round face, hairline blending into fuzzy brown frizz fully covering his head, resembling an intellectual Kris Kringie, Terry obligingly filled me in.

For starters, I learned of the Neon Boys, a group that existed four or five years ago consisting of Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell, good friends from Delaware and co-conspirators in Art who ran away from boarding school together several times, settling in New York for keeps in the late '60's. Terry said: "I knew them both as poets and book men—you know, I'd see them all over these little bookshops, buying books. I knew that Hell had a book published.... And I thought they were good poets. Definitely stood out from the New York crowd of poets—Robert Bly and that school of poetry."

"The Neon Boys had some songs written by Hell and Verlaine that are, you know, pretty much like the beginnings of Television. They were rougher and rawer—it was just a three-piece; there was no full ensemble. They pressed three songs of Hell's, vocals and lyrics by Hell. Verlaine has some other tapes of, I guess, his own vocals."

"That year they were together, auditioning lead guitarists—everyone in New York, Dee Dee Ramone and all kinds of people were around, trying to play with them—but Verlaine and Hell



Chuck Puffin

Thus, the killer, psycho-surreal, innovative rock quartet came to be.

just didn't find anybody, I guess, who was compatible to their sound and philosophy." No "right" supporting guitarist to be found, the Neon Boys petered out. Then, a year later, Richard Hell reapproached Tom and Terry with the notion of forming a group, this time a real band, four pieces—bass, drums, two guitars, vocals.

Meanwhile, a scuffling young guitarist named Richard Lloyd had been staying in Terry Ork's loft downtown, practicing guitar incessantly for an (unpaid) livelihood. Terry kept telling Lloyd he should join a band—might as well because that's what he wanted to do all the time, nothing else: play guitar. And get plastered. So, one day Terry told Lloyd he knew this guy who played the same kind of stuff and sang—Tom Verlaine—and was slated for an upcoming audition-night appearance at Reno Sweeney's.

Richard Lloyd shrugged and thought little of it; didn't plan on going to see this guy Terry knew, Tom Verlaine, playing. That night, sometime in the autumn of '73, as the crucial hour for Tom's audition grew near, Lloyd was preoccupied as usual, playing guitar. Almost eight o'clock, Terry reminds Lloyd a final time that he should come along and check this guy out at Reno Sweeney's. Thanks but no thanks; Richard would just as soon hang out. Then, just as Terry's leaving, a string off Lloyd's guitar snaps. One of the middle strings—impossible to play guitar decently if it isn't replaced. So he hunts high and low in the loft for an old or replacement string, anything. Only, he can't dig one up, anywhere. What the fuck.... So Richard yells down to Terry and they hop into a cab, headed for Reno Sweeney's.

That mysteriously irreplaceable guitar string wasn't the first uncanny event for

Richard Lloyd that evening. He recounts: "When Tom first came on, even before he did anything, I just sensed something about him was right. No pretensions; he seemed to have the same sense of humor and necessity in what he was doing that I had." Chuckling, Lloyd adds, "Soon as Tom walked onstage, even before he hit one note, they told him to turn the volume down. Can you beat that? That night, he played '(In the Arms of) Venus De Milo,' "(I Look at You and Get a) Double Exposure," and another song I can't remember...."

Back to Terry Ork's story: "We saw Tom at Reno Sweeney's—Tom was doing a solo gig there. Then they started rehearsing, then Billy [Fica, a drummer, Tom's friend] came up about November ['73] and they had their first gig the next March."

Thus, Television—killer psycho-surreal, innovative rock quartet, post-psychedelic, no-shit rawness—came to be. With Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd on guitars, Billy Fica on drums, and Richard Hell on bass and vocals (Tom also sang lead off and on). For about three weeks, they went by the name "GooGoo" for want of a definitive title.

Originally, Richard Hell backed down when asked to be the group's bassist—largely because he'd never played bass guitar before. But, with everyone's jovial persuasion—"Aaw, c'mon, you can learn"—and Hell's colorful personality and hijinx then working in the group's favor, Richard Hell joined as Television's bassist and co-presence. (He thought up the name Television, rumor has it, by pure chance one night. After agonizing for hours with the group, he was sitting at the typewriter, drunk, making a list, when he took note of a TV set in the corner of the room and said, "Hey, why don't we call it that?" Initially a goof, the name stuck.)

Onstage, Richard Hell was the most flamboyant—jumping around with his shirts too small and tattered for added visual oomph and sartorial chic à la Bowery. Style, not technique, ruled his stage presence. Figure in loads of charisma, too. Both Hell and Verlaine, united or apart, exude an indisputable aura at will—a magnetic, almost otherworldly power fittingly deemed "artistic." Inevitably, the friction between two such dominant egos embroiled in a struggling group's artistic effort, became impossible to reconcile for the sake of further development in a group which stands as evolutionary bloodkin to the Velvet Underground, the Doors, early Grateful Dead in some respects,

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and maybe even the Stooges—raw power and conviction of intent. Yet, Television's music is unusual, distinctive, almost without precedent or label—more so than any other predominantly "rock" band, past or present (or future?), except maybe Roxy Music.

Besides, although they are both talented songwriters, Richard Hell's musicianship on bass could hardly compare with Tom Verlaine's stunning guitar technique—or could Hell be compared on a musical par with Richard Lloyd and Billy Ficca. Lloyd's feelings on Hell as an erstwhile member of Television confirm my suspicions; besides the inner-group ego clashes (with Verlaine, primarily), Richard Hell impeded Television's musical progress. "A chain's only as strong as its weakest link," aphorized Richard Lloyd, who expressed sincere liking for Richard Hell and his art.

During Television's first year and a half together—when Hell was still bassist—the jolly Terry Ork's capacities in regard to the band were, in his words, "very loose. They changed from year to year, moment to moment. Mostly it was just to give the band what money I could when they needed it—we bought some equipment in the beginning, you know. Mostly I was acting as spokesman for the band when they needed it. Manager? No, just an investor and spokesman. Manager implies a certain thing these days and I don't think I was manager in that regard. I was manager internally with the band. We had talks; we talked things out. At that point, the main thing I'd give the band was good spirit, just being there. And whatever money we could scrape up. And a place to rehearse, and all that."

First released last autumn ('75), "Little Johnny Jewel," an improvisational, absorbing work—is one of Television's longer pieces, lasting from ten to 20 minutes live, seven and a half minutes on the single, parts one and two combined. It can be heard at CBGB's, a mainstay jukebox selection and atmosphere-enhancer. From what I gather from the lyrics and instrumentals—all kickass percussion and brash energy, offset by guitars tolling like a climax of churchbells on the crescendo, harmonically keen, golden pancake tones rolling out like batter on a griddle, whipped up then expanding in direct contact with heat, bubbly then crisping at the edges when fully risen, cinnamon-sugared Christmas pancakes with snow on the ground outside, fluttering down, in the background those pealing knells from an ethereal steeple, the glistening bells sounding oddly muted and dreamlike,



Chuck Pulis

Little Johnny Jewel Just tryin' to tell a vision. . .

rather than sharp, in the cold wintry calm—"Little Johnny Jewel" indeed communicates more than the story Tom Verlaine's lyrics relate. An atmosphere is spun:

*Now little Johnny Jewel
He's so cool. He had no decisions
Just tryin' to tell a vision. . .
He'd be half asleep at night
And wake up dreaming
He'd run out to the airport
With the rush, and roar. . .*

At the song's end Johnny, taunted visionary ("Now some thought this was sad/And others thought it mad"), is defended by Verlaine, who phrases his words in hoarse, pained, stingingly impassioned tones:

*And if you see him lookin' lost
You ain't got to come on so boss
You know that he's paid
He's paid the price
And if you see that little guy
Just wink your eye.*

Here, on the last bass of Billy's cymbals, the guitars toll three somber notes, while Fred's bass capitolates into mournful mystery, not at all strong and glottal like his playing on the outset, kicking off "Little Johnny Jewel" with two bars of solo bassplaying, three note measures each.

Fred Smith, Television's bassist for the past year and a half, never received any formal musical instruction, though his playing imaginatively anchors the group, endowing Television with the extra punch and solid bass bottom so essential to a virtuosic band. A bassist for over five years, Fred played guitar first—a total of about 12 years. He also plays drums and piano—all this after his father, a professional musician himself, worried that his son would never learn to play an instrument, when Fred dropped the trumpet at eight years old.

Fred Smith and I talked in the dim, air-conditioned, Pakistani-fabric-draped studio apartment he shares with his woman in the East Village. During the interview, we listen to a Peter Tosh reggae album, seated on the edge of a bed above which is hung a black and white photo gallery of 8x10 glossies featuring the group Television in assorted attitudes, several poses of Fred and his sweetheart together and separately, individual portraits of Tom Verlaine and Patti Smith. Smoking Viceroys, Fred smiles and mumbles a lot. Good humored. Candid. Bashful. Soft-spoken, and very sweet.

At the time Fred Smith joined Television, he was playing bass with another New York rock band, Blondie. Having played second bill to many a show at CBGB's featuring Television, he was already well-acquainted with their material. Fred explains, "I loved Television ever since I first saw them. I loved their songs and, you know, I remembered all their songs. I didn't play them all at home or nothing but I knew them by heart, just about—I'd seen them so many times. When we got together, everything just sort of clicked. I knew what the material was supposed to sound like, and I kept on saying, 'Well, hey—let's do this one.' I felt like playing all their songs, y'know? It was a lot of fun and they liked it."

"So Tom came around and said, 'You wanna join?' Everybody thought it was weird, y'know, but I just thought about it for about ten minutes—"

"Why did people think it was weird?" I ask.

"I dunno: people were used to Hell being a part of Television," Fred mumbles, eyes on the floor. "When he left the group, I think they made a lot more out of it than it was. . . I like Hell a lot, you know, but he was just learning how to play bass. I think that people have gotten over it though. He brightened, me nodding in agreement."

Lastly, I asked Fred whether having joined Television is more satisfying for him. "Oh yeah. I've been, you know, playing songs I really like and it's really evolved a lot farther than I thought. When I first started seeing them I caught their essence right away—struck me as the early Byrds when I first saw the band, in a way. When I first saw them, I said to myself, 'God! I wish I could get those guys in a studio and produce 'em, yeah'—I really thought I could do a number on them. . . Tom Verlaine really knows what he's doing. A lot of things I've disputed with him I've found he's right about a lot of times. He knows what sound he wants, and we've all gotten, I

Lyrics © 1976. Double Exposure Music.

TELEVISION

think, a lot more intricate than I thought we would. Like, I take a hand in what goes on, but I gave up thinking about trying to produce them, trying to produce Tom: he's, like, our main force."

Born in New Jersey, raised in Delaware with his parents and twin brother since age three, Tom Verlaine is indeed Television's "main force." Driving light, lead vocalist, songwriter and co-guitarist of Television, this sinewy, tall, dirty blond, blue-eyed artist with numerous outlets (poet, melodist, classically trained pianist, insatiable guitar player, cultstar in France—already!—co-star of Amos Poe and Ivan Kral's cinematic forays), Tom Verlaine is the group's most searing being. Viewing the Poe/Kral rock-art movies—which highlight big acts and celebrities like the Faces, Bowie, Patti Smith, Roxy Music, and the Dolls, as well as underground favorites like Talking Heads, the Shirts, and Blondie—I was struck by not only the dizzy immediacy of the acts presented and the soundtrack being out of sync, which I didn't mind (Amos Poe explained the films were purposely made that way because they're dealing with a scene, not the sounds, per se). Those films made me tingle like a flashback set to Tiger Balm, a private dream-stock set to '70's rock, made public.

Watching Television, especially, thrilled me to the marrow. Tom Verlaine with his straining, bony neck—craned beside the microphone, taut against his large Adam's apple and gracefully long, like the rest of his visible body. Neck, arms, fingers, trunk, legs. . . . Even his nostrils are long. Dark space surrounding his eyes on certain nights, sharp, mirthful, relentlessly deep and translucent eyes, aquamarine up close. Standing back, watching him onstage, Tom's most memorable features are his sharp nose and jaw, and that veined, bulging, arched throat; Verlaine's larynx, his vocal chords, the location of his eerie, wailing bleat, a disconcerting bawl high, vulnerable, barely in control.

Billy Ficca, pummeling away vigorously in back, his afro-ed leonine head bobbing with the beat, throwing himself into playing drums, every tendon and ligament responsive, freakout percussives just as wild as Keith Moon's—that is, if Billy had less concern for his physical and mental welfare and went around acting buffoonish and crazy. But no, Billy Ficca's always his sensible, dedicated, good-natured, naturally cool self. A little heavy on the cymbals sometimes, but quicksilver and accu-rhythmic always. . . . Called by some a "jazz-oriented" drummer.



Chuck Paine

*When she whispers
in my ear
I get so hard.*

Fred Smith, to Verlaine's left, his craggy face and dignified, looming presence, quiet concentration on his bassplaying, inventively progressive. . . . Fred Smith standing somber and tall, then lustily delivering harmonies on choruses for "Foxhole," "Knocking on Heaven's Door" (the Dylan song), and Television's usual opener, "Fire Engine," breaking like a gust of random elements fissured, mushrooming into heavenly order and grace, hell-possessed.

Richard Lloyd on Stratocaster guitar, also keenly intent on playing, belting out amazing licks through his fingers, adding a few background vocals on choruses; his cherubic schoolboy beauty perhaps capable of unexpected cruelty—like a wiseass j.d. straight out of *The Blackboard Jungle*. When not playing, that is. In performance, Richard Lloyd's facial expression is transapt, far-away, guileless. His guitar virtuosity is often breathtakingly transcendental; teaming up with Verlaine, Lloyd's damn near invincible. However, negative criticism of his onstage otherworldliness hurt Richard. . . . Felt he had to justify himself while I conducted an interview with him, over tea at my kitchen table.

"A lot of people dismiss me as being indifferent—not jumping around like a monkey onstage. The only thing you can try to do in a crowded situation is try to get your visage out—focus your eyes as far out into the audience as you can. Movements take away from the music. . . . The highest point is when you connect with the music that you're playing, and you don't exist. And if you ever see anybody in a trance—they look indifferent."

Thus Richard "Pretty Boy" Lloyd (as he is referred to in the ladies' room graffiti at CBGB's), defended his performing

stance. Richard got somewhat defensive, also, when I questioned him how it felt being "the cute one" in the group, bluntly retorting that he couldn't help his looks, resentful that some people continued to take him at face value, and not pay attention to his substance, his music. A drummer originally, Richard Lloyd's been playing electric guitar since age 17.

"Soon as I saw a Stratocaster, I said, 'Wow—that's pretty.' With guitar, I needed melody—color. Started playing along to the first Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd, Hendrix—there was more electricity in these people's music—guess you could call it psychedelic." A grin lines his clear smooth face, he smokes another cigarette with cinematic finesse. Richard Lloyd is charming; articulate, sarcastic, smart, yet young in a wild-eyed way. And very polite: leaving my apartment after the interview, he emptied the ashtray.

Thinking Television couldn't be paralleled live, I was reeled into Nirvana #7 when Alan Lanier of the Blue Oyster Cult played me a copy of the Television demo tape he produced which helped land them the recording contract. The four selections on this demo were cut and mixed with, as far as I could hear, minimal interference, no deadening mix, keyboards added. Television's customary brilliance and vivacity rings through clearer than imaginable for me, having been so used to hearing them live, distortingly loud.

Hearing the tape was a delight, though no more than an incomplete hint of Television's in-studio capacities. I was even able to decipher some of Tom Verlaine's theretofore hieroglyphic lyrics. For instance, the chorus of "O Mi Amore":

*O me o mi amore
How you ignite this play
O me o mi amore
Living tomorrow today
O me o mi amore
You catch on quick. . .*

Another romantic rocker, "I Don't Care," scrambles sensory images while pitching woo: "I can see the barking of a dog/And hear the crow's stare/But I don't care. . . ." There's a wonderful strait solo before the last chorus, and a bridge with the telltale lyrics, "But when she whispers in my ear/I get so hard, I get so hard."

The third cut on the Lanier-produced tape, "Guiding Light," a languid ballad of incandescent grandeur, very nearly moved a friend of mine to tears one night at CBGB's, an ordinarily stoic male

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music critic, one of the best, who happens to be one of Television's firmest, longest devotees.

Even only a gleaning of lyrical content reveals Verlaine's principal themes—the timeless epiphany of opposites, contrasts: illumination, "light," versus "falling," surrender to the darker forces, loss of grace. Symbolically, of course.

"Torn Curtain," the fourth and final song, builds gradually, an aching high, lonely tremolo guitar riff leading off. Then the lyrics, magnificent in their simplicity and phrasing:

*Torn curtain
Reveals another play
Torn curtain
Such an expose!
I'm uncertain
When beauty meets abuse
Torn curtain
Loves all ridicule*

*Tears, tears rolling back the years
Years, years flowing by like tears...*

*Torn curtain
Giving me the glance
Torn curtain
Bringing on a trance
But I'm not hurtin'
I'm holding to the thread
Torn curtain
Lifts me on a tread.*

In sum, a thrillingly alive tape, unlike the fiasco Brian Eno produced for Island records during the winter of '74 at Good Vibrations studios.

Several months later, after one of many CBGB gigs co-billing Patti Smith and Television, Richard Hell quit the group. Fred Smith was then asked to join Television as their bassist, and Richard Hell formed another group with two ex-New York Dolls, calling the band Heartbreakers—now defunct, legendary, but to me, uninspiring.

Richard Hell politely refused to discuss his ex-group, Television, when I called him for comment. Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell are no longer friends, I'm told.

* * *

By the time Tom Verlaine talked to me, I'd simmered down from frenzied agitation into dead calm panic—almost. No, he wasn't going to call, forget about questioning Tom Verlaine, he's wary of the press, doesn't trust me even if he did sign my copy of "Little Johnny Jewel" in CBGB's a year ago, doesn't give a shit about the story. I had enough material, anyway.

Then, truly out of the blue, he called.

Our interview:

TAB: For starters, exactly what happened that night at CBGB's [July 30]



Chuck Pullin

Torn Curtain Reveals another play Torn curtain Such an expose

when Lou Reed brought a tape recorder in?

TV: Lou Reed walked in with a tape recorder—I thought, naturally, to record the band; why else would he walk in with a tape recorder? I'd had this trouble before: when we did some demos for Island some people there played them for a lot of groups in England. Specifically Roxy Music, you know. Just a lot of little details, little things that nobody would know that turned up on the last Roxy Music studio LP, *Siren*—and so that just made me hyper-aware of the fact that people borrow anywhere they can. I wouldn't say steal.

They [other musicians] just borrow anywhere they can. So when I saw him [Lou Reed] walk in with the tape recorder, I ask him what he's gonna do with it. He said, "It doesn't work" [giggle]. I said, "Well, why are you carrying a tape recorder that doesn't work?" He says, "Here, I'll give you the cassette." I said okay, then he said something like, "Well, I got a couple more on me." So I said, "Well, why don't you give me the machine?" [giggle]. It was all very good-natured. He made a joke out of it, too.

But the weird thing was, on the way out I saw he came in with two other people, and the other guy was carrying this duffel bag which I looked in and saw he had another tape recorder in it as if, you know, he [Lou] could still have gotten that tape he wanted—if he wanted a tape. I mean, I just think you have to protect yourself—we're not public figures yet... We're just a little band playing on the Bowery. We're gonna do a record and all, but at this stage, I just think you have to protect yourself, 'cause anybody else can get it out.

TAB: All right. Why did you take a pseudonym?

TV: Because my real name's a very common name. This was a long time ago [that he became Tom Verlaine]. I was trying to find the right name for a year. I wanted a two-syllable name that had a nice sound to it.

TAB: Okay, but why Verlaine?

TV: It's just a nice-sounding name.

TAB: When you were young, did you watch television much?

TV: No, my brother watched television a lot. [Tom's got a twin brother, seven minutes older, who was a class A student and athlete—though their parents didn't compare them, thank God. Tom has said, "I believe that stuff about twins having this ethereal connection between each other." Evidently, the bond didn't connect Tom and his twin to similar pursuits.] I hardly ever watch television. The only thing I ever watch on television is the movies. There's hardly anything else I can stand. Even when I was a kid, it was the same way. I used to watch movies and cartoons.

TAB: What about your guitar [a Fender jazzmaster "with special ancient pickups"] and that tuning-up gadget?

TV: Well, that tuning-up gadget is what made the band 100 per cent better. Because before, we had to sit in these cold rooms—and the temperature changed every ten minutes; the guitars would go out of tune and bust strings and get hot, and the strings would get brittle. When we got the tuning machine, we were able to tune up precisely in a matter of seconds.... I mean, some stuff you can get away with, out of tune, but on really precise stuff, if you're even a little out of tune, it can ruin the effect you want to have. So once we got the tuning machine, I think our effect got stronger. I think we're able to communicate better.

When's the piece gonna be out?

TAB: Oh, I guess about December, January—around when the album's released.

TV: That late? Really?! Well, let me think ahead... God. What will I be thinking in December? [chuckle chuckle] Ooh boy.

* * *

From earliest times onward, in all modes of art, especially rock music, the quest of creating outstanding sensation, all senses, has been the motivating factor of the truly great. These frazzled days of sensory blitzkrieg, Television's stark / spare / I-don't-care (look) should come as panacea to the frantic jerkoff antics so common to latter-day rock acts. Having already moved otherwise jaded New York rock fans by the score, if Television's fundamental work indicates, figuratively, one channel of their potential, just wait 'til they attain full network and cable status! ●

WALTER BURBO'S

Snake Man

IN
"HOT WATER"

MIAMI, FLA.



"Hmm, yes I think she'll
do for a beach-ball."



"Bub, bub, bub, bub, bub,
blub, blub, blub."



"JAWS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD"



"THERE'S ONLY ONE
PROBLEM WITH AQUASEX!"

THAT NIGHT, ON DRY LAND...



SNAKEMAN'S AT IT AGAIN.

EXCLUSIVE

MONSTERS MASH, MAIM, MAUL

THE BIG QUESTION

Has big-business "science" gone too far? In their scramble for jumbo federal grants and fat corporation subsidies, so-called "pure research" scientists today are fooling around with conceptual dynamite, and the unforeseeable repercussions are

already hitting America right where it hurts worst: between the legs! What are those unsupervised test-tube jockies and beaker buddies brewing up in their ivory-tower laboratories from Brookhaven to Berkeley, anyway? What happens when a five-and-

dime store phony chromosome climbs out of its petri dish end squirrels up some lab technician's leg? When a "chermed querk" shoots straight out the business end of a linear accelerator, what keeps it from landing in your pants? WAKE UP, AMERICA!

Maybe these four 100 per cent authenticated modern-day horror stories, researched at great personal risk and expense by our NATIONAL SCREW expose commando unit, will tinitly open people's eyes to the perils of uncontained progress!

BIGPUTZ: TERROR OF THE TETONS!

Illustrations by Kurt Schauer

"I don't give a good God damn what kind of critter it turns out to be, human or fish or fowl," snapped Argus D. Fadass of Birch Butt, Wyoming, slapping home the bolt of his .38 Winchester repeater. "If he comes after this man's sweet wife and innocent children, by God, I'll blow his balls out his boonie-hole!" And with this spunky declaration, the 52-year-old hide tanner climbed into his paneled Toyota and swung out on his nightly patrol of the lonesome mountain highway.

Others of Birch Butt were less defiant: "This thing, whatever it is," admitted 46-year-old Martha Sheboygan, nervously wringing her checkered apron. "It's got us simple backwoods womenfolk spooked plumb silly. Why land, a person's afraid to go out to the outhouse after dark around here. I been going on a spread-out newspaper on the kitchen floor. Why don't somebody shoot that



BIGPUTZ claims another shriek-teen: Artist's depiction of true event related by vulnerable victim schoolgirl, 16.

blame thing?"

And some just didn't seem to care. "It's all a lot of hoosey if you ask me," 16-year-old pom-pom cheerleader Amoretta Christie told this reporter through a mouthful of Spearmint. "Who ever heard of some eight-foot monster lurking around the woods, screwing the daylight out of anybody who comes along? The older generation is just trying to keep teenagers in the house after dark."

placid Grand Teton community have a special irony, because each of these victims later fell prey to Bigputz.

Bigputz! Is there anyone in America who has not already heard chilling rumors of this legendary beast-thing? Said to be the mutated survivor of an accident at a nerve-gas arsenal deep in the Rockies, Bigputz began haunting the Grand Teton Mountains three years ago.

A family of campers from Sycaset, New Jersey, told reporters of being assaulted in their sleeping bags, one by one, by "some big, hairy man." This man—or creature—was said to have left each of them in such a state of shock, after repeated penetration of all their body orifices by a genital of unbelievable dimensions, that they were unable to come to each others' aid.

SHOCK IRONY!

These three different expressions of the stomach-churning horror that has gripped this formerly



ENRAGED VIGILANTE, sworn to eradicate the vile Bigputz menace, vows to "blow his balls out his boonie-hole."



A PITIFUL SURVIVOR of three violent Bigputz attacks, local housewife lives in anguished anticipation of more to come.

THE LOCH CESS MONSTRESS: HORROR OF THE HAMPTONS!

Not even the wealthy and powerful are immune to the spreading national menace of half-human sex molesters. Many a light-hearted "status vacation" last summer was ruined by a ghastly being that has yet to be reliably described: the Loch Cess Monstress!

Marauding from Cape May to Cape Cod, "Cessie's" last summer com-

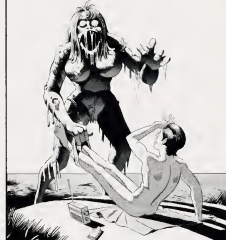
mitted no fewer than 17,368 sex offenses. All were perpetrated upon wealthy young boys, who were each violated into a state of absolute collapse. This is why the monster—who may actually be more plant than animal—was given a feminine nickname.

With winter, and the absence of young boys on the beach, Cessie has

VIGILANTE TERROR!

As terror swept the community, householders like Argus Fadass initiated patrols to protect their vulnerable loved ones and aging parents. Alas, to no avail! After his violent assault, Fadass was hospitalized with a severe case of strangulated hemorrhoids. Within days, Mrs. Sheboygan and poor Amoretta sustained similar treatment at the hands of the great beast, though they survived without lasting harm.

The question is not when Bigputz will strike again; the question is whom? A frightened mountain village anxiously awaits the monster.



THE LOCH CESS MONSTRESS draining a youth's vital fluids! Artist's rendition of what really happened!

gone into apparent hibernation. But scientists expect her to reappear in April, with the first Easter vacationers.

"DON'T WORRY!" HA!

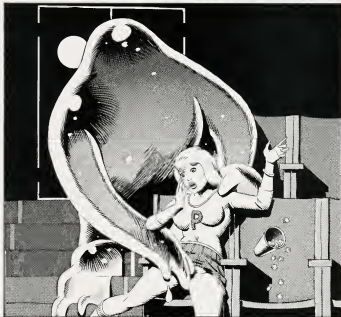
"Actually, there's very little to worry about from Cessie," equivocates Dr. Malarchi B. S. Hoggwassch of the Woods Hole Marine Research Institute. "As far as we can tell, Cessie is merely a temporarily animated protoplasmic conglutination which exhibits a peculiar tendency toward boy-sucking."

Brainy scientists at Woods Hole speculate that Cessie is the result of freak environmental conditions that occurred last spring when a slick of spilled fuel from a nuclear submarine contaminated a floating mass of New Jersey sludge and scavenger sucking-algae. "Radioactive Cesium must have triggered in the sludge a chain reaction which imitates metabolism, thus bringing the mess to 'life,' as it were," says Dr. Hoggwassch. "To sustain it, the sucking-algae evidently assumed a quasi-digestive function, seeking out and consuming food." Hoggwassch declined to comment on the bizarre fact that Cessie's favorite "food" seems to be the semen of teenage boys!

REVOLTING SUCK-FEAST!

Cessie's victims also tend to be non-communicative about her bizarre feeding patterns. "I was out on our sloop, just off Martha's Vineyard," recalls one survivor, the 18-year-old son of a PepsiCo executive. "I was leaning off the port rail, hauling on the main halyard, when I felt something hot and pulpy-like creeping into the leg of my swim trunks. I looked

"SWINE FLU YETI": MARTIAN MICROBES IN SAN MATEO!



"SWINE FLU YETI," the invisible rape-flu! Artist's impression of a teen patient in the throes of the demon virus!

You probably thought Legion Disease was the worst thing you'd face this

winter, right? Well, better inoculate yourself with a shot of good old-fashioned

Scotch before you get any further into this tale of freak lust and viral degra-

around, and Jesus! It was a long, undulating stream of brown and black and green goop rearing up out of the water, extending a bundle of tentacles wrap-

ping around my belly and hips and sliding into my trunks. Most revolting thing you ever felt. And then it started to—to suck, you know? I don't want to

talk about it. I just hung on for dear life while it *did* me, again and again and again.... I don't know how I lived through it, and—and sometimes the feeling comes over me again, and, and...."

Asked if he planned to visit Martha's Vineyard next summer, the boy spunkily replied, "You bet! No muck monster's scaring me out of a status vacation." And Cessie may well be waiting, too. "But she's bound to deteriorate eventually," assures Dr. Hoggwassch. "The half-life of radioactive Cesium is only 14,000 years, after all."



BRAINY BIO-PHYSICIST develops a "working model." Cessie could have profitable commercial uses.



CESSIE HOLDS NO TERROR for rich chick Undine Lovelace. "I always vacation in Spain," explains Undine.

dation. Here comes "SWINE FLU YETI," the mystery malaise that has devastated Northern California!

When it first appeared last month in Palo Alto, a college town on San Francisco Bay, local people suspected that it wasn't a disease at all, but an invisible sex maniac! The first reported case was that of a young girl, identity withheld, who sustained a seizure while watching *All The President's Men* in a movie theatre.

TRAPPED IN HER SEAT!

"At first it felt like a hand sliding up my thigh under my dress," she later told our NATIONAL SCREW commando unit. "I jumped in my seat and looked around, but I was the only person in my row. I shook off the feeling and I settled down again, but then it came right back. This time, it felt as though

a hand was slipping up under the waist of my sweater, working its fingers under my brassiere and catching the nipple and squeezing it hard. I thought I was going out of my mind! Then something seemed to scrape against my neck, like new-shaven whisker stubble, you know? And then it was just like a mouth, sucking super-hard! It was so real, I had hickies afterward! And then another hand was feeling up my leg, groping upward, kneading into my panties, and I—I got all wet. . . ."

Between ejaculations of shame and remorse, the pretty college pom-pom coed told us how the phantom sensations continued to assail her, while she sat glued to her seat, shaking in a sick, lust-like fever. The pawing and mauling continued for more than an hour, rising and falling subtly, until she was weeping in arousal and frustration: and then the "whisker

burn" sensation localized between her legs, bringing her to a succession of crushing orgasms through a feeling akin to vigorous cunnilingus. Her stricken cries alerted the manager, who called an ambulance immediately.

No treatment, however, had any effect on the poor girl, who continued to sustain similar phantom attacks, two or three times daily, for over a week. By the time the obscene malady finally left her, though, 20 of her friends had been admitted to Stanford General Hospital with identical symptoms. And since then, scores of "YETI" victims have been stricken in the San Francisco area, and similar cases have begun to appear in various communities around the entire country.

MAL DE MARS?

"It's a viral infection," reveals a Stanford re-

searcher, who asked to remain anonymous. "There's no treatment yet, because the virus is sort of artificial. We made it right here, I'm afraid, in the aerospace lab. These idiots were trying to find out what sort of microbes could exist on Mars, so they dropped some germ plasm into a box of simulated Martian terrain: high-phosphate pyrites soil under bombardment with high-energy ultraviolet radiation at -120° Fahrenheit, you know? And the germ plasm mutated, of course, and some of it leaked out. It wouldn't have been so disastrous, except that the fools extracted the germ plasm from—you guessed it—a Spanish Fly!"

Fortunately, "YETI" seems to strike only at young girls between 17 and 21. If you have such a girl in your own family, you'd do best to keep an eye on her—and keep her away from doorknobs and stick shifts!



HAVE WE GONE "TOO FAR"? Man's intrusion into alien environments may yield results impossible to control!



CANDY-STRIPER MITZI SULLIVAN was one of first "SWINE FLU YETI" sufferers, having caught it from teen patients. Not since Walter Reed has medicine seen such heroism!



THE ENEMA VAMPIRE: MIDWEST PSYCHO RUNS AMOK!

THE ENEMA VAMPIRE, scourge of America's breakfast! Artist's reconstruction recaptures the bestial fervor of a mind gone mad!

Cecil T. Pentup, for most of his life, was a mild-mannered school principal in Crary Mills, Illinois. Only his wife and closest friends were aware of Cecil's secret fascination with soiled women's underwear. Most of the time he managed to successfully control it, though once every few years he would be compelled to make a "raid" on the local laundromat, deftly pilfer-

ing items of rank lingerie from washbaskets.

Cecil lived in continual private horror of his mildly bizarre inclinations, of course, dreading the day he might be caught in the act. And that day came, in February of last year, when a 52-year-old housewife spied him stuffing a pair of her soiled drawers into his coat pocket. "Ordinarily I'd have laughed it off," said Mrs. Albert

Elwin later, "but he was so creepy and furtive-like about it, I got worried. After all, he was the school principal! I got right on the phone."

The resulting scandal so demoralized Cecil that he committed himself to the Buzzhard County Hospital for psychiatric treatment. And here, after a six-month course in an experimental behaviorist program, it seemed that he was cured.

and smell them. The natural result was to excite his sex organs, which automatically elicited a 150-volt shock from the machine. The beauty of this method is that the subject administers his own aversion stimulus, you see. Cecil reacted splendidly, too. Before long, you'd show him some bloodstained pantyhose and he'd be just as disgusted as a normal person. In fact, as far as we were concerned, he was normal when we let him go in June."

Yes, they thought he was "normal"! And so did Mrs. Alice Humpley, 48, when Cecil dropped by her home one morning two weeks later, and asked to use her phone to call a garage. Mrs. Humpley, a widow, unwisely invited him inside. There he overpowered her, tied her up naked in a kneeling posture on her bathroom floor, and forced a scalding salt-water enema deep into her bowels. He compelled her to hold it in for several painful minutes, and then knelt behind her, his mouth to her sphincter. When she finally evacuated the mess, Cecil T. Pentup drank it all down!

NOBODY'S FOOLED!

Cecil repeated this depraved and unnatural ritual three more times, and then neatly cleaned the bathroom, and left. Shortly afterward, he anonymously called the Crary Mills rescue squad and told them to assist Mrs. Humpley. And although Cecil has not been seen since in his home town, women all over the Midwest have complained of scattered "enema vampire" assaults in the last eight months. A five-state dragnet is currently on the lookout for poor Cecil T. Pentup, victim of pseudo-scientific brainwashing experiments.



MUTE EVIDENCE of how the most innocent, health-giving paraphernalia, in the hands of a sex lunatic, can become perverted!



NATIONAL SCREW MODEL Diane Swallow wonders why Cecil wasn't ever re-conditioned to prefer clean lingerie.

SHOCKS TO SEX PARTS!

"It's an advanced form of aversive desensitization therapy," a hospital spokesman said of Cecil's program. "Mr. Pentup was wired to an electroshock generator, with the electrodes attached to his genitals. Then he was shown items of soiled ladies' lingerie, and actually permitted to touch



Somewhat **JAMIE**

A Quality-
Tested
Doll

Photos by John Kirk



If you saw Jamie walking down Main Street, you'd look, perhaps whistle, and think, "There goes some hunk of woman." Right? Wrong! Jamie isn't a woman at all. She's an excellent example of scientific ingenuity—a robot.

Made of the finest grade latex, Jamie's skin is soft to the touch, and will never wrinkle. A built-in "emotionizer" causes

the skin to take on color so she appears to react to sexual caresses with that slight reddening called "sexual flush." She can also be made to blush, turn pale, or be covered with goose bumps—at a slightly higher price.

Her hair, both on her head and pubis, is taken from some of the finest heads of Europe and implanted so expertly that it actu-

ally seems to grow. Jamie does not have underarm or leg hair since the manufacturers felt it would only get shaved off.

Before Jamie leaves the factory, she is quality-tested for reaction, manual dexterity, emotional sincerity, and sexual endurance. A special team of quality experts work closely with each robot to make sure her programming has been com-

pleted. She must be able to laugh (especially at men's jokes), cry (the water sacs are carefully hidden behind her eyes with minute tubes running to "tear ducts"), have multiple orgasms easily, and be able to manipulate a flaccid penis with expertise. Since most of the emotional machinery is built into the head area, not much
continued



Jamie's skin is soft to the touch, and will never wrinkle.



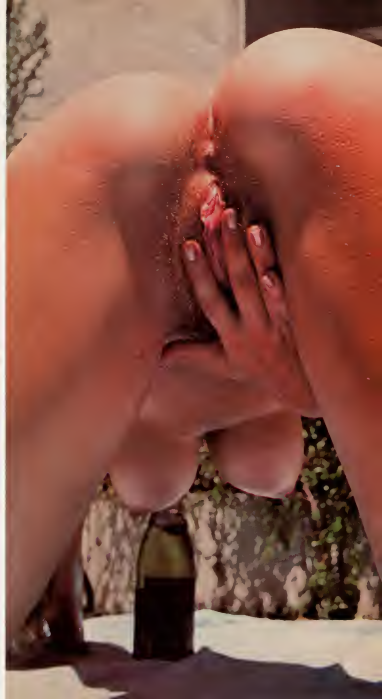
Jamie acts, talks, and thinks just like a real woman.

continued space is left for programming of intellectual data. Jamie can make superficial conversation, especially cocktail party talk, has an excellent ability for discussing fashions, department store costs, and recipes. If the owner wishes, the manufacturer

will build in a "memory" unit so that Jamie would be able to remember and talk about current events and television programs. Programming of specific-interest information can also be had at an additional fee. So, if you're interested in scuba diving, your Jamie can be fed all the facts

necessary.

All in all, Jamie acts, talks, and thinks just like a real woman. In addition, she is durable, doesn't grow old, and has a great capacity for service. \$500,000, available from Miracle Made Corporation, 3 Yen Plaza, Tokyo, Japan. •





THE DISPARAGED DRAFTSMAN

BY EDWARD GLOREY



Young Edward came to the city seeking a quiet, artistic life.



He rented a small studio in the Village to begin his career.



He tried to sell his books, but was forced to work as a street vendor.



One day his books began to sell quite well.



Soon Edward was swamped with work. The phone rang endlessly.



Until he was offered an executive position in a major design agency.



And that, alas, was the end of Edward.

HOT TYPE

"We're not a loved paper. But we're a respected one."

Harry Grant
(Milwaukee Journal)

Volume I Number III, 1977

COW PIE A LA MODE

Here's the perfect idea to spark up the conversation at those dull dinner parties: put a glob of shit on the wall. Sooner or later, someone's bound to say something conversational like, "Hey there. Now that's the most interesting glob of shit I've seen in a long while." Or perhaps a wittier dinner guest will ask, "Did you make that yourself?"

Actually it's not shit. Well, it was once shit. It's what's known as a cow chip, which is dried shit. And you can buy a cow chip, already framed and preserved under a clear plastic casing ready

for hanging, display or, if you want to make dinner look really good, as a centerpiece. These chips are brought to you from Desert Pete's Inc. (4825 North 56 Dr., Phoenix, Ariz. 85031), which puts such love into their products—the cows' products—that they number each chip (no two are alike, they say, and we believe it!) and register the owner's name and address. So, for \$15, plus \$2 for postage and handling (that's a cheap fee for handling this stuff), what you can have is a gen-u-uine, no bullshit, cow chip. What's more, you can



you've helped make a great rest easy knowing that range of Arizona desert safe for pedestrians.

Paperweight Art Lightweight



These are the remains of the earliest known man who, as you can see, is in possession of a handsome, but pitifully short member, and exhibits the beginning of feet and rather protuberant buns. Somewhere along the way an upper torso was developed and the basic design was radically re-arranged to produce the upright anthropoid which prevails today. In its day, the female of this prehistoric species was so advanced that when she said, "Give me ten inches

and hurt me," this primitive sexual creature had to fuck her four times and beat her up.

The silver-like paperweight which, if you haven't figured out, is two-and-a-half inches tall, costs \$25 at Rosstudio, 128 East 70 St., New York City, 10021. Sorry, no females available.

Ghostwriter: Manny Neuhaus
Design: Milton Zelman
R. Sefcik

Art: Gary Kroman
Hot Type subscribes to the
Laws of Gravity.

Bare-Assed, Bushy, and \$20,000 Richer



Every little girl dreams about someday becoming Miss America. But the years pass, the rose-colored glasses fade, and little girls give up those childhood dreams. Some opt for more realistic goals, like becoming Ms. All-Bare America. To qualify, you don't even have to be American. Just bare.

Joy Rider, this year's Ms. All-Bare America, didn't dream about winning. She didn't care much for the fame and prestige that come

with the title. She entered the contest, she said, simply "for the fun of it." Not to mention the \$20,000 in cash and prizes.

And, as Bert Parks would have said/sung had he been at New York's Third Annual Ms. All-Bare Beauty Pageant, "Here she comes—Ms. Allbareamerica—Ah, what charm! What personality! What grace! What tits!" No wonder little boys don't dream of someday becoming Bert Parks.

CARNAL CORONARIES



Men worried about blowing a critical gasket, like a blood vessel, during the throes of passion, have a friend at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Seattle. There, a study was conducted to measure changes in blood pressure and heart rate during "five episodes of coitus."

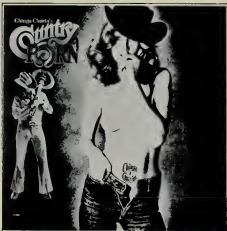
Being passive, researchers found, does not stress the circulatory system much more than being aggressive. So, you can stop lying timidly on your back while your woman does all the heavy work. But you'd better make sure it's your own woman you're working with because the study found that only with spouses of six months or more was there a safe rise in blood and heart measurements.

"Sexual activity with a new or unfamiliar partner, especially when it occurs in strange surroundings or following heavy food or alcohol intake," reports Dr. J. Ward Kennedy, "may result in higher blood pressure and heart rate responses" that could kill a middle-aged man with a weak heart. Dr. Kennedy noted as additional evidence the frequent occurrences of corpses who got that way while romping with someone other than the missus in a hotel or some other unfamiliar environment. So, if you're about to chuck it all anyway, are unsure of your ticker and are middle-aged, we suggest you return that .38 to the gun rack and replace it with a supple young woman whom you don't know well.

Can a White Girl Sing the Blue

If you think your old lady talks dirty, you ought to listen to Chinga Chavin who, in a song titled "Tit Stop Rock," sings: "She walked tall and she walked proud/She could cum on a dime./She wore my ring around her neck/But I wore her legs around mine." Or how about this saucy excerpt from "Four A.M. Jump": "We're gonna jump, suck, lick, fuck/And hump all night/'Til we ball away the blues."

These songs are included in Chinga Chavin's *Country Porn* album, an album filled with honest-to-goodness Nashville music, and even honest-to-goodness filthy lyrics. It's not the kind of stuff you play while your kids are nearby, which is primarily why *Country Porn* is not being carried in music shops or being played on the radio. Even though we've re-



frained from analyzing the entire album, you should have heard enough by now to know whether *Country Porn* suits, or taxes, your

taste. You can get a copy for a hefty \$7.98 (it's worth it), from C.P. Products, P.O. Box 548, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

BAWLING FOR DOLLARS



Standard in any claim for compensation in a negligence suit are the wages a claimant loses during recuperation. In Munich, a prostitute who was injured in a car crash caused by another driver demanded that she, too, had the right to be compensated, and claimed damages for 22 days of lost

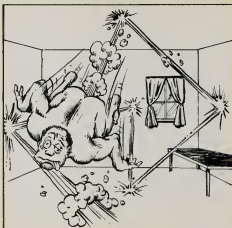
income.

The West German Civil Court agreed that "Brigitta" is indeed entitled to be compensated for lost income like everyone else, but they rejected the hooker's claim that she be paid the full \$2,376 she said she lost during the three weeks she was, uh, laid up.

JUMPIN' JACK GAS

"Excessive flatus" is not the way doctors refer to flat feet, nor is it the Latin for flat tire, nor does it describe a fashion model's chest. Saying someone has "excessive flatus" is a polite way of describing a person who farts with the same frequency that a traffic light changes colors. According to *New England Journal of Medicine*, one victim of "excessive flatus" experienced an average of 34 gassers a day and, having grown tired of hearing people say, "Ooooh, somethin' musta died in him," the Man from Minnesota, as he has come to be known, tried to get help. But, alas, medical science failed him.

Doctors used X-rays, chromatography, and endoscopy to determine the cause of the man's prolific butt, but to no avail. Suspecting that milk in his diet was the cause, they fed him nothing but milk for two days and, as they expected, his farting increased. The milk-fed Minnesota Man began farting 141 times a day, and in one particularly cacophonous hour let rip no



fewer than 70 stinkers, setting what must be a new world's record. Eliminating the milk from his diet reduced the Minnesota Man's anal pauses to 25 a day, but that's still twice the average number of times most people pass gas.

Antibiotics were tried next, but again these had no effect and doctors conceded that despite the gains made

by modern science, there is a surprising paucity of data in the area of flatulence.

The Minnesota Man is still farting his days away and has dedicated part of his life to finding a diet which will reduce his gaseous eruptions. When we last caught wind of him, the Minnesota Man hadn't had so much as a whiff of success.

THE PAPER DIET

"Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce, the hamburger, the bun and all that other crap. Just give me the wrapper... to go." That's what one Australian woman might order at a hamburger shop because her daily diet includes paper. No less than ten facial tissues and a half-page of newspaper pass through her lips on any given day. Lately, however, the same amount of newspaper hasn't been passing through the rest of her digestive system.

It all began while she was still a schoolgirl. The Australian paper princess began downing pages from notebooks with an occasional piece of blotting paper on the side. Later on in life, she started eating scraps from the petty cash voucher book where she worked. It all caught up with her recently when she became severely constipated and was hospitalized with a perforated bowel. Now, while recuperating, doctors are keeping medical charts, napkins, and paper plates well out of the woman's reach.

Is There Life After Marriage?



Robert Neiderhiser of Pennsylvania and Naomi Nicely were at the altar recently taking their vows of fidelity, trust, and devotion. When it came to "Till death do us part," Robert couldn't wait. Moments after repeating those words, he keeled over and died of cardiac arrest.

SCOUT'S DISHONOR



If you send your kids off to Boy Scout meetings every Friday night and then send

them away on weekend Boy Scout camping trips, your precious tykes may not be

learning about self-reliance or mother nature as you had hoped. Instead, they may be learning the finer points of sexual survival.

In New Orleans, recently, two scoutmasters were arrested for using their boy troopers to make pornographic films and to partake in orgies. Now we have nothing against porn or orgies, but these young'uns were 11- and 12-year-olds, and when the voice came on the television in their parents' homes saying, "It's 10 p.m. Do you know where your children are?" they thought they did. And indeed the kids were—roughing it.

Bob Elmer

Bizarre Tribal Sex Rites

One of the reasons homosexuality, bestiality, and masturbation are rare among the Danis tribe of West New Guinea is because sex itself is pretty rare here. The Danis culture, British anthropologists report, may be one of the few cultures on earth which is almost completely devoid of sexual drives. Dr. Karl Heider notes that he watched the Danis for two years and they are simply "not interested in sex."

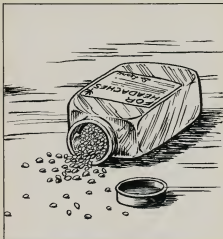
As in most cultures, the Danis do court and marry. But most often, he says,



Wide World Photos

children come as far as five or six years apart. So here, in the spring, a young man's fancy turns to—next spring.

SEED YOUR HEAD



In everyone's home, perhaps right there next to the Excedrin, is a vial of pot seeds destined to be planted someday. But there may be a better use for marijuana seeds than attempting to grow dope in your window box.

A recent visitor to the People's Republic of China has reported that the Chinese chew marijuana seeds for fast relief of headaches. Pot is plentiful in China because it is commonly used in the production of rope, not rushes.

So next time you get an Excedrin headache, eat the vial of seeds and try planting the Excedrin. Don't be surprised if the pills sprout some exotic variety of plant that gets you high and relieves headaches, too.

**WINNER
TAKES IT
ALL... OFF**



Dennis Neuhaus

At Part I, a bar in Kew Gardens, Queens, wet tee shirt competition runs so hot and heavy that contestants go further than the mandatory drenching. A recent winner there, for example was wetted down and, sooner than you could say "Take it off," she had stripped to the buff and was splashing the crowd with the spray from her wet boobs. And she continued dancing, gyrating and generally exciting the crowd into a frenzy long after her wet tease was bone dry. Daring Dorothy, the conscientious contestant, believed, we assume, that the one who elicited the most cheers, catcalls and roars from the crowd would walk away with the top prize which, in this case, was an expenses-paid vacation to Puerto Rico for two.

Dorothy went with her husband.

Equal Opportunity a Prehistoric Idea?

When thinking of the "good old days," what period in history crosses your mind? Is it the '50's? The '20's? Does the '30's grab you? Perhaps you think way back to the cave dwellers and imagine that they had the best deal of all.

According to anthropologist Richard Lee, of the

University of Toronto, prehistoric men and women were great egalitarians. They treated each other more equally than men and women treat each other today, says Lee. The men were mostly hunters, you see, and the women fished and gathered plants. Therefore, prehistoric women

were not at all dependent on men either politically or economically. Dr. Lee overlooks the small fact, however, that cave dwellers had not the vaguest notion of politics or economics. They had enough on their minds just trying to keep the bridge game going from week to week.



Considering the way most people feel about Rev. Sun Myung Moon, there will probably never be a "Be Kind to a Moonie Week." In fact, public sentiment considered, it's more likely that there will someday be a "Kick the Shit Out of a Moonie Week." Everyone we know hates the insidious creeps who harass pedestrians along every 50 feet of sidewalk and plaster city walls with Moon's most venerable visage.

One enterprising company, The Free Flight Co. (146 West 80 St., New York City, 10024), is cashing in on that widespread contempt with this "Some Young Moonie" poster. But, we think their market extends beyond those who've been accosted by Moon's androids. There are probably plenty of people who will part with the \$2 this poster costs just to add a touch of ass to their bedroom walls.

Hottest News Story of 1976



Elton John swings both ways.

RING AROUND THE COOLER



Business had been dead at the morgue as usual until two employees thought up a clever scheme to perk things up. No, they hadn't devised a way to bring back the dead, but they had injected a little more life into the place.

Amleto Gori and Leon Murrain allegedly operated a "dial-a-hooker" service out of the morgue's first floor ladies lounge. The pair took in an estimated \$8,000 a week and employed 11 prostitutes. Some of the customers, according to reports, were trusted with

the direct number to the morgue to place rush orders. They might have gotten faster service, but, we suspect, the girls needed a bit more warming up.

We should add that we know about this apparently fool-proof hooker operation because, not long ago, it was put out of business by some unsympathetic vice cops. So don't try calling the morgue and asking for "Blossom" because even if they have someone there named "Blossom," we doubt she'll be able to come to the phone.

COST OF NOTHING SLASHED

Aside from thinking about sex, most of us spend our waking hours working for money or trying to devise ways of making more money. The only problem is that making money usually requires work, so the ideal scheme is to make tons of loot while hardly lifting a finger.

The owner of a commercial art company in Papillion, Nebraska, recently hit upon such a scam that works while he doesn't. Though he did have to roll

out of bed one morning to place an ad in a newspaper, John Fackler has made \$230 by doing absolutely nothing. Which is what the newspaper ad offered. For \$1, Fackler, in his ad, offered "absolutely nothing" in return. The response paid for the ad and Fackler had enough left over to purchase bumper stickers which say "absolutely nothing."

So NATIONAL SCREW is making this one-time-only limited offer to our readers:

For the bargain sum of

Two Cockroaches in Every Pot



As if enough bugs and rodent hairs don't fall into our processed foods by accident and neglect, now a University of Mexico entomologist has suggested that we intentionally convert bugs and insects into food.

Dr. Julieta Conconi claims that grasshoppers, beetles, and other insects are the solution to the world's protein shortage and that a pilot plant should be built in Mexico City for the breeding of insects and for converting them into high-protein edible flour and other foods. Dr. Conconi claims that insects' reproductive prolificity and high-protein content make them a logical, efficient, and plentiful food source. But how, we wonder, are they going to keep disgusting little particles of meat and nauseating flakes of fresh vegetables from contaminating all those wholesome bugs?

98 cents, sent to us on or before April 5, 1977, we, too, will give you absolutely nothing. But, we will do nothing for less than you can have nothing done anywhere else. Make your checks or money orders payable to Manny Neuhaus, c/o NATIONAL SCREW, 116 West 14th St., New York, N.Y. 10011. Don't delay. Accept no substitutes. We take the change and you get absolutely nothing.

Washed Out Wedding

by Al Goldstein



Going to Columbus, Ohio, for Larry Flynt's wedding to Althea Leasure was not unlike watching the featured elephant at the circus taking a shit. We knew it would be entertaining, and it was. We also knew it would be messy, and it was. Larry may have acquired \$13 million last year with his various

gash magazines, but he has a long way to go before he gets any class.

Two days before the wedding, Larry called to invite me to his final orgy. I had to pass, but I got the scoop from Walter Marks, whose claim to fame is that he wrote "I Want to Be Me." Walter, a great connoisseur of pussy, said he had a wonderful time and fucked his brains out. He added, however, that although the orgy was nice, it wasn't up to Larry's usual productions since all the

really mellow women were at Althea's bridal shower.

Larry proved to be a real P.T. Barnum of earthly delights. At the pre-wedding reception, there was enough Chinese food to keep the Red Army going for months. In honor of the occasion, I went off my diet and gorged, a fitting gesture since I was the biggest name in the joint and

had to prove my appetites were in keeping with my reputation.

Like fattened calves we went the next day to church for the slaughter, the wedding ceremony itself. The sexuality of

the signs hanging around the church, "Kingdom Come," "Pour Out My Spirit," and "Come, Emmanuel," were raunchy, befitting the spirit of Larry and his sexual circus mentality. The sign, "He is Arisen," was a great paean to a stiff cock. I doubt Althea proclaimed, "He is Risen" on their wedding night, for Larry, without a doubt, lay limp.

From the church, we went to Larry's 23-room house, an attempt to out-bief Hofner, for the nuptial celebration. Although Larry tried to keep

it classy, a bloody mess ensued when Tinsley, the weirdo who does the excretion cartoons for *Hustler*, started a fight. Then one of the girls decided to go skinny-dipping in the pool. Larry, in an unusual fit of moral decency, insisted that she be removed from the

pool and dressed. Someone wrapped her in a tablecloth and took her off to the house.

Having taken away the only exhibition of tits and ass at the wedding, Larry tried to make it up by doing his impression of the great white

whale—dressed. The performance ended with him undoing his fly. No one was impressed, but then what do you expect from a man who invented the ultra pink pussy.



RICHARD JACOBS

Will the REAL Doctor Fu Manchu Please Get It Up?

What! Tarzan a real person? Well, according to evidence recently unearthed by reputable literary historians, Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan* series was based on the adventures of a real flesh and blood Englishman, a certain Lord Greystoke, who very much objected to the distorted publicity given him by his "lying biographer." Until recently it was assumed that the great Saturday afternoon idols of popular film

and fiction (Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes, Doctor Fu Manchu, Doc Savage, et al.) were just fiction: pure fabrications of the screenwriters and novelists who made them famous. But now the same critic-historians who uncovered the "real" Tarzan have also been discovering data suggesting that other pop heroes of the past may have really existed: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may just have been reporting the facts, ma'am, about Sherlock Holmes. And as for Sax

Rohmer's diabolical arch villain, Doctor Fu Manchu, well...we'll get to him in a minute.

A growing group of literary critics, led by such respected writers and scholars as Philip Jose Farmer, Frank Brueckel, and John Harwood, have been leading the search for the real personalities behind popular film myths. I was aware of these researchers' work, and so, in a sense, I was "prepared" for the manuscript

EXPOSED: The Orgy-Antics of a True-to-Life Evil Oriental Genius!

by Al Hazrad

which a friend recently sent to me, a manuscript which is as shocking because of its grossly sexual nature as for what it reveals about the *real* Doctor Fu Manchu!

My friend, Hakim, lives in England, is a lawyer, and was employed by an old, respected and recently bankrupted law firm in London. While going through the firm's archives in preparation for its closing, he came across the manuscript which follows. The instruc-

tions which accompanied it provided that it be published "ten years after the death or disappearance of the author."

Well, the author *did* disappear in 1966. So even though the bankrupted law firm could not fulfill the author's last request, Hakim decided to try publishing the manuscript himself. In London, publisher after publisher rejected it as a "pornographic hoax," and with good reason on both counts. First off, much of the work is delightfully dirty,

and with a bizarre sort of sexuality at that. And second, it is the autobiography of a certain Sir John Weymouth-Smythe, who claims to be the original for "Inspector Nayland Smith," the police inspector who, through years of film, television and pulp novels, chased the evil Oriental genius, Doctor Fu Manchu!

Now many people know of Doctor Fu Manchu and his arch-enemy, Inspector (continued)

FuManchu

(continued)

Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, either from Sax Rohmer's series of adventure books, or from the long-running Fu Manchu television series, or from the number of thriller films about the evil doctor which have been made over the years. Fu Manchu was first played by Boris Karloff in the 1930's and has been the subject of several Christopher Lee movies in recent years.

No doubt most of the evil Oriental's fans assumed, as I did, that he was a creation of Sax Rohmer's feverish imagination. We all should have known better: Rohmer was nothing but a rather yellow-press journalist until he was latched on to the Fu Manchu stories. He apparently got them through a leak at Scotland Yard: a leak which was not plugged for over 20 years! Probably he had neither the talent nor the imagination to make up the Fu Manchu stories from scratch; he relied on his inside source to give him the basic facts.

But now to the raunchy manuscript at hand. Each reader will have to decide for himself whether what follows is fact or fiction. As for me, I believe the manuscript is not a hoax. My source, Hakim, is a life-long friend, and one who I believe has neither the inclination nor the ability to actually write a hoax of this dimension. The manuscript in my possession is over 500 pages long, written in a small, precise handwriting: not in Hakim's hand, I must add.

Since for the present I could only give you a small sample, I chose the section in which Inspector John Weymouth-Smythe actually sees the evil Doctor for the first time. But first, let me give you a brief summary of the action up to this point.

In 1921, Weymouth-Smythe was a young, junior diplomat in the British Embassy in Bangkok. He was very devoted to his supervisor, Sir Charles Pearson, but at the same time was carrying on a hot and heavy love affair with Sir Charles's half-Oriental daughter, Beth-Il. In the time just before this section, Smythe had started noticing strange changes in Sir Charles's personality: the older man was acting nervous, frightened, deeply troubled. But when Smythe mentioned his worries to Sir Charles's daughter, Beth-Il begged him to humor Sir Charles, to go along with whatever he might suggest.

Smythe was puzzled by his young mistress's reaction, and shocked when, that very evening, her father ordered him to carry out an assassination: of a Bangkok official who Smythe knew was loyal to Britain! Always the faithful soldier, Smythe obeyed his superior's orders, although he knew they were wrong. And here, the narrative begins.*

Have you ever dressed yourself all in black, even to covering your face, your hands, your naked feet with coal dust? Have you ever slipped through Asia midnight streets and gained secret entry to a stranger's home? Have you ever slid ghost-like within that sleeping stranger's bedchamber? Or approached his defenseless, slumber-lost form quickly? Or crushed her skull to a pulp with your bloody knife? Have you all chance of output with your free hand while you plunge your dagger into his quivering, naked throat? And all...so swiftly, so skillfully, that his own mistress, dreaming fitfully beside him, would not discover his death until morning brought its own blood-red awakening?

I did. All the while knowing full well that what I did was pointless, ineffective, and possibly worse!

By 2 a.m. I was back at the Embassy Compound. My thoughts were a confused jumble, and I would not try to see Beth-Il that evening. Rather, I retired to my chambers, to sort things out. I went through the rituals of cleansing and preparing for bed mindlessly, until I discovered I had been scrubbing my hands for over 15 minutes! I lay down on my bed in the moonlight-splattered darkness, but my own inner turmoil kept sleep itself at bay. My victim, I reasoned, had been but an Oriental, and an expendable bureaucrat. But what of Sir Charles and Beth-Il? What could be the mysterious cause of their sudden irrationality?

I tossed fitfully for about an hour. At length, despairing of sleep, I rose. For perhaps another hour I paced, sat, lay down, paced again. Then drawing on my trousers, I went to my window.

My room was fortunately appointed, for it had a small but ample balcony which looked out from the second story onto a corner of the garden. The balcony of this balcony a lush and full-limbed vine rose, casting dappled moon shadows. Into these fragrant shadows I now stepped, enticed by the perfumed darkness, yet locked in my own troubled thoughts. The night, beneath a hunter's moon, was bright but unpleasantly warm. I stood, wrapped in the icy stillness for perhaps some 15 minutes, my awareness all drawn inwards.

Suddenly, a sound snapped apart my reverie; a small sound, as of a door, quietly opened and soon shut. I looked down into the garden and quickly discovered the source of the noise: three figures, indistinguishable at the distance, were moving swiftly and silently now, towards a seldom-used corner of the garden. One of the figures was large and unquestionably male; but he moved less surely than the other, smaller two, and was in fact being led by them.

One of the figures held aside a bush by the garden wall. There was a tiny, grating click as of iron, and the three disappeared single file, seemingly through a metal door in the wall. The now-departed three left a ghostly afterimage on my mind: there had been something disturbingly...familiar about them. And then with a horrifying flash, the realization struck me!



I threw myself into swift and silent action; racing back into my room I lifted a corner of my mattress and withdrew from beneath it my .45S&W revolver, the deadly campaign pistol which had been serving me well since the Great War. Disdaining further delay, I pocketed the pistol as I raced back onto the balcony, barefoot and shirtless. Grasping the thick iron vine, vaulted over the balustrade, and clambered to the ground. In an instant I covered the distance to the wall, pushed aside the shrubbery and, opening the so-recently used iron door, stepped through and onto the street. I was just in time to see the last of the three figures disappear around a corner at the far end of the Embassy block.

I raced to the corner, there to pick out my quarry about 50 yards away. Silently, I continued my pursuit. My bare feet, hardened by an active life as well as by training in the martial arts, served me better than if they had been shod.

For an interminable time I followed my trio through many sleeping streets, until at last I discovered I had been led into the Old City, and a teeming, ramshackle section near the wharves. Though the Old City was an "international zone" I knew that this area was the rats' nest which housed most of Bangkok's considerable alien Chinese population. Here at last the trail of the three ended. They paused at the side door of a supposedly empty warehouse close by dockside. I heard a faint signal knock, at which the door opened, casting a leopold light on the three. My heart sank in my breast. They entered the building, and middle-night gloom reigned again.

I knew hidden sentries were a certainty, and so I reconsidered the area with careful stealth. After several long minutes, when I had almost despaired

The dancers increased their berserk movements, using his phallus as the central object of their lewd prancing.

of success, I at last found entrance to the warehouse, by a drainpipe which climbed past a partially opened third story window. Silent as the night I scaled the pipe, entered at the window and now slipped through the labyrinthine warehouse building, searching for I knew not what.

Then at last, dimly heard, the sick, wretched sounds of knives and bones and percussives drew me through a gloomy, dust-filled storage room, to the forbidding face of...a certain door. I opened this door cautiously, and found myself on a high balcony overlooking the edge of a great central room, whose vaulted ceiling arched away in the devouring shadows above me. And now as I peered down onto the open floor below, I beheld a spectacle so obscene that nothing in my previous existence, not the most arcane of my Eastern studies, not the darkest, most blood-drenched pits of war, could possibly have prepared me for...a scene of all-engrossing Evil.

On a raised dais a tall, shrouded figure stood as still as a carved idol. About him some 20 persons, each in hooded robes identical to those of my quarry, knelt in silent obeisance as an ant, perverse, rhythmic music mocked them. From a censer beside the dais, greenish, blue and white smoke curled and rose. This opiated stench filled the cavernous room; so much so that only a few breaths of the ichor was enough to muddy my senses: I would witness all the obscene rites as through a mist, holding aloof from the institution that nothing was as it seemed.

And now the standing figure shattered the illusion that it was carved as, with a sudden and imperious gesture it called for utter silence and stillness. This figure stood with long arms spread. Another signal, and somewhere a mad pipe began wailing distantly. The figure's robes now slipped from head, from shoulders, over torso, down to feet.

I will forever carry with me the vile memory of this, my first, cursed sight of this creature who would become my arch-enemy: a massive, shaved head, with a wide brow denoting a phenomenal, warped intelligence; unspeakably piercing eyes of the true cat green; an angular, lean, and ageless body knotted with unknowable strength. His, *its*, name I will give you now, a name which I have learned through years of deadly toil. It burns in my throat! May you never mistake him for the cheap and glorified parody which mocks us in pulp fiction...thriller cinema, and all the rest of the masses' degraded media. His true name is Doctor Chou en Shu!

I was unnaturally pacified and dulled by the poisonous vapors, yet as I now watched this figure I envied evil my skin wracked with horror. As the lone pipe wailed, this creature's face and body seemed to change before my very eyes, to grow: not just in height or muscular definition, but rather in weight itself! He seemed actually to bloat out, his face and neck knotted with fat, his belly puffed and swelling. Even his legs turned short and grotesquely squat until, seemingly collapsing beneath him, he suddenly sat, lotus-style. Gone utterly was the compelling form of that arch fiend. In his place I now beheld what I knew to be an incarnation of a mumpkin, one of those gross, priapic mockeries of the Buddha figure who, in the statuary of certain debased Oriental folk cults, preside over savage, bacchanalian revels.

The mumpkin gestured, and the asylum music wailed anew, jerking the worshippers to their feet. They danced wildly about him, shedding their robes

as they did so. Torch light glistened over oily, sweat-soaked bodies. Nor was this dancing catlike: none of the dancers refrained from touching, caressing, kissing, licking one another in the most grossly carnal fashion. And even in this, their every lewdness was a parody, for the dancers' graphic contact was a parody of the rites of seduction: at first only limbs, flanks, shoulders did they touch and stroke; then they turned to long and open-mouthed kissing; next to rubbing, to holding, to quick embraces; and at last to extended and always-changing genital contact, sucking, squeezing, licking, caressing! And all this to the rising and insistent beat of the music, as the mumpkin gazed and leered. But there were three exceptions to this hysteria: three figures who retained their hooded robes, who remained frozen in kneeling obeisance. And in these three I once again recognized my quarry.

At last the music reached its frenzied height. The mumpkin cupped his great stomach to undulate in a wide ripple which began at his chest and rolled down to his groin. As his flex reached its lowest point, his phallus engorged and reached out in an erection of alarming proportions. The dancers increased their berserk movements; but now, individually and in groups, they used this squatting figure's phallus as the central object of their lewd prancing.

The music stopped, the dancers froze in place. In the silent gloom, a way was cleared between the mumpkin and the three who knelt before him. In a sinister, ancient voice creaking with morbid power, he spoke:

"The two sows have done my bidding. For this they shall be rewarded. And the new one they bring me tonight has shown himself worthy of...initiation into our secrets. Prepare!"

At this, several stepped forward and stripped the robes from the three who still knelt. And now my heart sank in my breast, at this final, debased provocation of all that I had known and loved before the mumpkin were Sir Charles, his wife Kate, and Beth-Il! In an all-compelling voice the mumpkin said:

"Arise, Sir Charles. The two novices who convinced you to heed our orders, did their jobs well, and now you are qualified to be novitiate in this sect. Come forth and kneel before me."

All at once Sir Charles leaped forward. He was dressed now only in his trousers and cuffs. But instead of bowing, he stood tall and shouted with total defiance:

"No! I'll not yield to you and do your bidding. The things you asked...I did, (continued)

*A selection from, *The Autobiography of John Weymouth-Smythe*, edited by Al Hazrad, ©1976 by Al Hazrad.

FuManchu

(continued)

but only for *them*. I torment myself for what I've done...but I'll *not* continue as a creature of your will, Chou en Shu!" He plunged his hand into his pocket, swiftly withdrew a small caliber pistol, and leveled it at the mugwump's heart. The assembled worshippers gasped, but none made a move to stop him.

And now, before my eyes, the mugwump's shape did change again; to grow in stature and in hurtful strength, until that tall and deadly Oriental figure stood before us all once more.

"So, Sir Charles!" he snarled, and with a searing glance he froze that great man in his place. The pistol clattered to the ground from his palsied hand. "It appears you need an object lesson in obedience. So be it! Your *women* shall provide instruction."

At this implied command both mother and daughter stepped fully out of their robes and scurried to Chou en Shu's feet. They were clad now in just their thin-laced chemises, which exposed most of their breasts, and their graceful legs to just below the groin. As they bowed and scraped, their chemises rode up high on their hips.

"Let the mother prepare the daughter," Chou en Shu droned. They both rose, and Kate stripped the chemise off her passive daughter. She led the smaller, younger woman to a waiting pile of pillows on the raised dais. Then with gentle but firm pushing and prodding, she caused Beth-li to place herself, blushing, face down on the pillows. The majority of these pillows were piled beneath her belly, thus lifting wide her graceful, smooth buttocks.

Kate soothed her daughter into closing her eyes and relaxing. Then, quickly uncovering thin iron chains at the innocent's feet, she cuffed her daughter's ankles to the floor, splayed wide apart. Beth-li twisted herself up and turned her head with the look of a panic-struck gazelle. But her legs were firmly anchored wide and open. Before she could think to put her pang of doubt to action, her mother seized her wrists, and now her arms were chained out too, holding her spread-eagled and struggling gently in position. Her movements were slight and excited-seeming. With a moribund sinking of my stomach I realized I could not tell if my beloved was fighting against her chains or testing them with delight!

"You may prepare her for entry. But do not touch her forward entrance. I want her *intact* for her wedding—the lovely wedding we've been planning for

her, Sir Charles. And to such a promising lad too! Ha ha ha!"

His laughter was evil incarnate. As both Sir Charles and I, from our separate vantage points, stared on in mesmerized horror, Kate knelt and grasped her daughter's heaving buttocks. Digging her nails into Beth-li's softest flesh, she stilled her movements. Then slowly, methodically, she pressed outward with her thumbs, spreading Beth-li's bottom cheeks wide apart, exposing the bud of her daughter's other hole. Her lips glistened with saliva as she descended on this most delicate place, kissing, wetting. Her tongue now plunged in an out, loosening the knot.

"Now begin," said Chou en Shu. At his words the dancers moved silently: the women, to roughly use Beth-li's face and mouth on their pleasure parts; the men, to use her repeatedly in sodomite fashion, while Kate held fast her

plans radically. How inconsiderate of you! Ah, but let it not be said that we play the host poorly...even to unwanted guests. *Watch now, if you will.*"

I watched. I watched Chou en Shu fasten a large, knobby gold ring just below the tip of his swollen member, watched him approach the so-abused but passion-rapt Beth-li, and begin to bugger her slowly; watched while she cried and whimpered as the mad Oriental's horribly swollen member slowly, slowly tore and stretched and splayed open the tender flesh and muscle of her delicate nether-eye.

After a bit her cries subsided, as Chou en Shu had snaked the worst portion of his member, both the head and the thick golden ring, into her bowels. He paused now in his onslaught and Beth-li, her grimacing face half-crushed into the pillows, whimpered softly. Then, with a sudden, sadistic twitch, he all at once plunged the entire length of his flesh-rod deep into her. Beth-li's entire body stiffened with pain, and she let out one long and blood-curdling shriek; a shriek which went on and on and at last ended with the breathy, half-coherent words: "More! Give me more.... I LOVE it!!!" After which she collapsed into gasping, shuddering...a climax of the most disgusting intensity.

And as my fiance's sobs subsided, I suddenly found myself free...free of the Chinaman's control. I was free, but not exactly ready to fight manfully to save my beloved from a fate worse than death. No. For as the opiated bonds dropped from me, just as suddenly was I filled with a blind, mindless revulsion, and a fear deeper than any I had ever felt! I threw down my revolver, and as it clattered and broke on the floor below me, I *shouted* my terror.

I shall carry with me to eternity the image of Beth-li, naked, chained, helpless, turning in sickened surprise at my cry; of her turning up her delicate, abused face and *seeing* me on the balcony for the first time. And as long as I live I shall be tormented both by her silent glance—a glance full of shock, of love, of wordless pleading—and by my reaction to that glance. For in that instant, I turned and fled!

And I will carry forever my recollection of *fleeing*; of running from that ritual, that warehouse. Of racing through endless Asian night streets, and of not even slowing until I collapsed in exhaustion on the pallet in my very own chambers at the Embassy. But of just how I cut my way out of that den of evil, of how I eluded pursuit (if in fact any pursuit was mounted), I remember not a whit.

(cont. on page 92)



**He began to bugger
her slowly while
she cried
and whimpered.**

quivering flanks and even guided the men to their goal.

But I must stop. I can say no more of how they continuously assaulted her despite her muffled cries of pleasure or pain. Nor can I speak of the final act for which they now prepared her. Suffice it to say that at a certain point, but an effort of sheer will, I was able to break free from my opiated, hypnotic trance. As though striving against a psychic flood, I managed to draw my campaign pistol, to cock it, and to take aim square at the heart of that evil Oriental genius!

Even as my hand contracted on the hair trigger, Chou en Shu startled almost imperceptibly. He turned, looked up and cast his burning eyes seemingly *through* me. And I, utterly transfixed, could but stand stock still. The mad Chinaman smiled carnivorously:

"So, my good fellow. It seems you have wandered in where you have no business. You force us to modify our

UP FROM THE UNDERGROUND

DOWN A
CLEANSING?

ARCADE

The Comic Book Comes of Age

JAY LYNCH

The comic book has enjoyed an honorable career as the kazoo in the symphony orchestra of American mass culture. Consider its stormy history. Although comic supplements have been used by newspapers as circulation-builders since 1900, the first comic books using original material were crude, all but homemade, "eight-pagers" that lewdly depicted the well-known characters of the newspaper strips in their moments of sexual abandon. These primitive underground comics were mass-produced and circulated throughout the country. Satires of mass culture and seismic indicators of the sexual revolution, such cheaply printed narratives of Popeye and Olive Oyl engaged in *soixante-neuf* enjoyed a considerable, clandestine success.

The overground comic, which was born on the eve of World War II, was soon completely taken over by caped super-heroes. Written for kids and illiterates, these products of what has come to be known as comics' "Golden Age" were the prime suppliers of prepuber propaganda throughout Big II and after. A more complex response to the times were the postwar E.C. horror comics—which were largely drawn by returning vets. Their statements made a startling appearance in the repressive

by J. Hoberman



climate of the early '50's. Pandering and idealistic by turn, the horror comics which reflected too well the 20th century's dark side, refused to wave the flag. A typical E.C. yarn featured a game of baseball played with dismembered human limbs. Amid a great tumult (complete with congressional in-

vestigation) in which they were accused of corrupting America's youth, the horror comics provoked the establishment of a comics code and were censored out of existence.

But soon the comic book, like radio and Hollywood, was forced to mutate with the advent of TV. By the mid-'50's TV had taken over the kid-culture and pushed comics to the side. Because comics were harder to look at than the tube they seemed to be more intellectual and reflective. Because this is what they seemed, this is what they became. Not surprisingly, the first self-conscious comic book was a product of the talented E.C. bullpen. The original idea of *Mad* was to make fun of the horror comics. The Code killed the horror line but *Mad* (originally edited by Harvey Kurtzman) went on to parody other comics and then the rest of mass culture. If the "Golden Age" comics created eight-year-old patriots, *Mad* raised a cult of eight-year-old beatniks.

All the chickens—"eight-page" sex, disgust horror, and *Mad*-style social criticism—came home to roost with the next comic book generation which arrived amid the cataclysms of the late '60's. The children of TV—Kurtzman's original constituency (some of them, in fact, fledgling contributors to his last

(continued)

Arcade

(continued)

magazine *Help!*—began to publish their own comics. Pornographic, violent, often funny and original, these underground comics—the taboo-smashing embodiment of every '60's input from Pop Art and Lenny Bruce to Vietnam and LSD—transcended the hated Comics Code with a vengeance.

For the next several years underground comics were seen as revolutionary cheerleaders and considered an essential piece of dopers' paraphernalia. R. Crumb, the best-known of the cartoonists, became the most universally appreciated youth-culture artist since Bob Dylan, and the most outrageous since Paul Krassner. But a combination of factors (rise in printing costs, continued legal harassment, the end of their fad value, and a general cultural torpor) threatened underground comics with extinction at the very time when a generation of talented cartoonists had established strong individual styles and had begun to hit their stride. An obvious move for the most committed of the '60's survivors would be the creation of a national magazine, an underground *Mad*.

In late '74 two such publications, *Comix Book* and *Arcade: The Comics Revue*, hit the stands. The former, published by Stan Lee of Marvel Comics,

**What distinguishes
Arcade artists
is that they
want to be taken
seriously.**



STALIN LOOKING LIKE A SINISTER, UPTON UEA LORD HE SYSTEMATICALLY EXTERMINATED HIS OPPOSITION TO CREATE THE GREATEST POLICE STATE IN HISTORY. WHAT FORCES SHAPED TWO BLOOD-STAINED TYRANTS?

ran for a few issues and disappeared. Caught in the bind of having to appeal to two separate audiences—the subteen Marvel reader and the underground aficionado—*Comix Book* ended up appealing to neither. *Arcade* has been more tenacious. A cartoonist-run operation, *Arcade* is edited by Art Spiegelman and Bill Griffith, both veterans of the underground. With seven published issues it appears to be an ongoing concern.

The artists involved have developed a hard core of recurring themes: concern with creeping fascism, the amusement park as metaphor, suburban childhoods revisited, oblique statements about the role of the artist. They have also shown a particular affinity for (auto)biographical strips. One thing that is immediately apparent about *Arcade* is its extensive use of factual material.

Why the proliferation of nonfiction strips? Is research the LSD of the '70's? If one had to isolate a single characteristic distinguishing the underground comics in *Arcade* from those of the '60's it would be that the *Arcade* artists want to be taken seriously. "Cracking Jokes," the lead story in issue #1—a clever cartoon essay drawn by editor Spiegelman from his readings of Freud's *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious*—seemed to point the way to a new direction, as does Spain's switch from the drawing fantasies of revolution to depicting, newsreel style, the life of Stalin.

One *Arcade* regular has used both the cartoon essay and autobiography since he first came to national prominence during the "summer of love." This man is R. Crumb, the ex-greeting card artist who, in putting out *Zap* and *Snatch*, put



ART SPIEGELMAN



underground comics on the map. Crumb is by far the best-known cartoonist in the *Arcade* bullpen if not the United States. Like Walt Disney, Crumb's characters (Mr. Natural, the Stoopid Jerk, and the ever-present, ample-assed Crumb women) have been recycled from culture back to nature: they can be found on t-shirts and pirated posters, painted on vans and storefronts from coast to coast. Crumb himself is beginning to seem like a force of nature. It's almost difficult to remember a time when he wasn't around.

An artist like Crumb—one of the four or five best cartoonists of the century—can produce a shitload of relatively inconsequential work. But although he has not been breaking new ground there

has been nothing perfunctory about his work for *Arcade*. "That's Life," which ran in issue #3, is one of his tightest, most focused stories. Set during the Depression, it is an atmospheric account of the life and death of an itinerant Delta blues-singer. With loving detail Crumb depicts the bluesman's fight with his wife, trip to Memphis, and murder in a barroom brawl. The story ends with a science-fiction coda: one of the blues-singer's rare 78's has been uncovered by a white, middle-class collector; then sold at a profit of 4,000 per cent to another collector who, in the last panel, stands clustered with his friends listening to the voice of the long-dead singer transmitting out of the stereo-rig that

With loving detail Crumb depicts a bluesman's fight with his wife, trip to Memphis, and murder in a barroom brawl.



he's a 'po-o boy, long way I um home." Crumb uses this situation to comment not only on his own interests as a collector of old 78's but on his own situation as an artist. After all, if a 30-year-old copy of *Superman* commands a four figure price, how many pesos will a rare underground like *Swatch* #1 be worth when 2001 finally rolls around?

The brilliance and immediacy of Crumb's work—who else would create an everyman out of an anthropomorphized, kvetching baked bean?—has had an unfortunate tendency to obscure the work of other cartoonists. This is the situation that *Arcade* has to dispel. More than a few of their regulars deserve the kind of attention given to Crumb. One of the most underrated artists in comicdom is Kim Deitch, whose stories read like bizarre rehashes of old pulp magazines and look like pictures painted on the side of a dust-bowl carney tent. Too somber and eccentric to be cute, he deals routinely with tales of failure, madness, humiliation, deception, and death. Deitch is one of the best breakdown men in the business and his carefully worked out pages have the gaudy vitality of '40's comics like *Plastic Man* and *Dr. Fate*. This was interestingly demonstrated in a two-page panorama called, "Teddy Beariana." In one giant cartoon panel

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Arcade

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Deitch uses an intricate combination of thought-balloons, pictures on the wall, and visually rhyming forms to create an "all-over" comic strip that flashes before the viewer the whole life, in the dying moments, of a notorious collector of teddy bear artifacts. Deitch's other work for *Arcade* has included a series of "True Frauds"—a topic well-suited to his Coney Island Expressionist style.

While the funkball, cartoony syntheses of Crumb and Deitch seem the product of men who live and breathe the whole history of the American comic strip, a second wave of *Arcade* contributors came to comics after abortive careers in the fine arts. One such lapsed painter is Justin Green whose 1972 comic "Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary"—a 30-page confession of Catholic neurosis—has been frequently compared to *Portnoy's Complaint*. Green's tortured drawing (which at first seemed to be a Bizarro homage to the *Superman* house-style of the '50's) is steadily improving; and his hallucinated compositions have more to do with Durer than Donald Duck.

The funniest and most committedly dada of the *Arcade* regulars, Green is a devout who sees cartooning as "the

HE FELT AN UNEASY AVERSION FOR ANY STRANGER WHO GOT NEAR HIM.



HE MAY GIVE HIS LAST ROBULES TO A FAMILY HE HAS NEVER KNOWN...



HE MIGHT EVEN DECIDE TO THROW HIMSELF INTO THE RIVER...



BUT HE IS STILL ABLE TO LISTEN WITH COMPASSION TO ANOTHER'S WIFE!



OR HE MIGHT THROW HIS SPICE CHANGE INTO THE RIVER!



BUT IF ANOTHER SUICIDE WAS ALREADY DROWNING, HE'D FEEL SUPERIOR!



JUSTIN GREEN

Everything Justin Green touches gets a manic shock of schoolyard iconoclasm.

yoga of being a wiseass." For *Arcade* he began a series which would "crucify" the Cliff-noted classics of high school English class. After tangleing with *The Winter's Tale* and the first three pages of Goethe's *Faust*, Green was in his element when he distilled *Crime and Punishment* into three incident-crammed pages. Everything Green touches gets a manic shock of schoolyard iconoclasm. Typically, he visualizes Raskolnikov's delusions of grandeur in terms of him flailing his arms and teaching "Papa Oooh Mau Mau" to a crowd of abstract, grovelling humanoids; he has his Inquisitor lapse into imitations of the Old Philosopher ("Write Bunky, time's up!"). With his penchant for setting stories in doggerel

verse and total recall of his murky childhood/adolescent fantasy life, it would not be surprising if Green came to occupy the same revered role in the new punk rock culture as Crumb held for the hippies of the '60's.

Another fine arts dropout, ransacking western civilization for characters and situations, is *Arcade*'s coeditor Bill Griffith. His hunlike assault on conventional notions of taste has led him from biographies of misunderstood French painters and epics of confusion set in the Hearst Castle, to Italian commedia dell'arte starring Sergeant Bilko. The seedy grossness of Griffith's early "Young Lust" and "Mr. Toad" comics has somewhat mellowed but when on target he is *Arcade*'s sharpest social



BILL GRIFFITH



S. CLAY WILSON

satirist. Griffith maintains an ongoing series in which he depicts the mass psychology of the human race in terms of puffed-up species of swamp-dwelling frogs, and his idea of a universal character is a free-associating pinhead running around in a polka-dotted clown suit. A skillful writer of dialogue, he has a cinematic sense of timing that is apt to bring the reader up short. In the midst of his breezy narratives will appear a wordless page devoted to the trek of a ventriloquist's dummy across San Francisco, or one full of Orson Welles-like camera angles depicting the trajectory of a paper airplane.

Art Spiegelman, Griffith's coeditor, is the most form-minded of the *Arcade* artists. Spiegelman is obsessed with in-

venting new ways to read and structure comics. A stylistic switch-hitter, without a regular cast of characters, each of Spiegelman's strips is a tightly wrought bundle of ideas. His two most ambitious pieces for *Arcade* have both involved an abstract reworking of American mass culture. "As the Mind Reels" takes off on TV's daytime soaps in four pages of densely choreographed sight gags reminiscent of the best of the Kurtzman-Elder collaborations in the old *Mad*. Drawn in a carefully neutral style, Spiegelman uses horizontal cross-hatching and grey wash to approximate the quality of the TV image, while playing upon such TV realities as poor reception, commercial interruption, bar rolls, and haphazard framing. From

Spiegelman's "As the Mind Reels" takes off on TV's daytime soaps in four pages of densely choreographed sight gags.



daytime serials, Spiegelman next attacked those serial melodramas that are played out on the comics page of the daily newspaper. His "Nervous Rex" is an elaborate cut-paste-xerox operation grafting panels out of "Rex Morgan, M.D." into a lumpy, graffiti-like landscape that sends the eye skittering like a pinball over its two pages.

A third tendency which coexists in *Arcade* alongside the cartoon syntheses of Crumb and Deitch, and the art-conscious drawing of Green, Griffith, and Spiegelman, is a kind of fetish- or doodle-art. Practitioners of this style range from the sophisticated cruelties of S. Clay Wilson to the more primitive horrors of Rory Hayes. Although Wilson's infamous orgies of sadistically interlocking forms were the most shocking of the first wave of underground comics, his work has grown increasingly studied and Hayes's child-like fantasies of ghouls and teddy bears set in a psychotically shimmering universe seem to be even more a hot-line out of the id.

More consciously naive than Hayes's work are the strips of the "Twisted Sisters"—Aline Kominsky and Diane Noomin, both apt to dwell on the horrors of a suburban childhood. Noomin's best work sends her crew of petulent ("butt out of my business")

(continued)

Arcade

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yentas into minimally realized landscapes that are half fast-food parlors, half outer space. Kominsky's autobiographical strips—unflattering and triumphant—are a considerable departure from the self-indulgent and glamorous depiction of hippie life styles found in many of the early undergrounds. Her two-pager, "The Bunch Plays with Herself," is a wonderfully crude and witty send-up on the various Crumb strips that speculate on what his female characters do while alone.

In an essay on movies written some years ago, Manny Farber distinguished between two types of art—white elephant and termite. The latter is an obsessive, bug-like immersion in work done for its own sake; the former is created by pretentious "water buffaloes" with their eyes on the realm of celebrity and affluence. The hallmark of white elephant art is its desire to "pin the viewer to the wall and slug him with wet towels of artiness and significance." Much in *Arcade* is pure termite—a dandy two-pager by Michael McMillan in which a pair of canine and feline refugees from an old Betty Boop cartoon walk all over the conventions of a realistic strip, or a Spiegelman "Real Dream" that deftly synthesizes Weimar *weltschmerz* with Dick Tracy—but the magazine suffers from some elephant-



AL J. KOMINSKY



RORY HAYES

**Arcade's thrust
is in its dedication
to comics
as a total art form.**

tine tendencies. The worst has been a kind of glance-over-the-shoulder bid for the approval of some imagined intellectual in-crowd. This is-it-art? concern was itself the subject of an enigmatic parody by Rory Hayes. Nevertheless, part of the kick in following *Arcade's* progress has been watching the individual artists—the go-for-broke termites of a skilled marginal profession—reacting off of each other and the magazine's editorial policy.

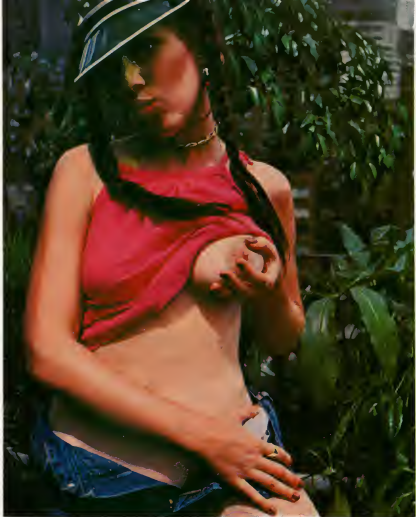
Although *Arcade* has also featured some well-illustrated beatnik fiction, and an ongoing journalistic hallucination called "Space Age Confidential," its thrust is in its dedication to comics as a total art form. Like Kurtzman's *Help!*, each issue of *Arcade* has published samplings from the work of classic, all

but forgotten cartoonists. These have ranged from the elaborately drawn bugscapes of Harrison Cady to the pornographic eight-pagers that were the underground comics of the '30's.

Like all self-published art, *Arcade* has the qualities of a manifesto—or really, of a plurality of manifestos, each a distinctive vision of what comics can be. Any venture like *Arcade*—a hothouse of egos and personal styles—is an unstable compound at best. Further, despite its elegant magazine format, *Arcade* (which is published by the Print Mint in Berkeley) has been beset by the same distribution hassles that plagued the underground comics. No doubt though, the first seven issues have demonstrated the vitality of comics—both in the mind and the culture. ●



DIANE NODDIN



Rita Hustle

We here at NATIONAL SCREW had great plans to bring you something this month no other slick has brought you before: a centerfold gash with intelligence enough to talk politics and beauty enough to make your putz dribble with excitement. Our ambition amazed us.

But when it got right down to it we realized all we really wanted was a nice healthy slut who liked to get her tail banged by five drooling sex maniacs at a photo shoot. Now we're not saying that this month's centerfold, Rita Hustle, is dumb, but then we don't have to. Rita has said it all for us:

"Of course I'd fuck Al Goldstein!"



As Rita posed on the balcony of her lover's 51st Street hideaway, no matter how compelling we found her salacious snatch, we couldn't help noticing that every few minutes Rita would space out and mumble something incomprehensible. Small talk isn't easy to make with a chick who claims to eat the holes in Cheencos for breakfast, so we got right to the point and asked her what she was doing. "I'm talking to my tits," she explained with a shy smile. "Some people talk to their plants. I talk to my tits."

Never had we been so sure of getting laid.

When at last the grueling task of capturing Rita's steamy sensuality on film was finished, the cameras were put aside and playtime began. Rita was sensational! She took a cock in each of her orifices: she had one up her ass, one in her mouth, one in her cunt, and Goldstein actually succeeded in sticking his miniscule member up one of her nostrils! Her limbs were flailing, sweat was pouring from her inflamed body, and her cunt was dripping all over the shag carpeting. Then in quick succession each of us blew our wads and Rita's passionate frame was wracked with orgasm.

While we packed up our gear, we candidly wondered, as men will do, which of us made the biggest sexual impact on our horny hussie. We soon found out.

"Thanks for coming," Rita giggled as she bid us farewell at the door. "But I sure hope my sinuses clear up."

Goldstein, you dog!







Alone in his Los Angeles fund-raising headquarters, manning several telephones, sits Harry Reems, unemployed actor and convicted felon. Seems Harry's not only busted, he's broke. By now you know the story: for one day's work in *Deep Throat* (a fill-in job for a missing actor) and a salary of \$100, Harry was convicted April 30, 1976, in a Memphis federal court, along with ten codefendants, of "conspiracy to transport 'obscene' materials [i.e., *Deep Throat*] across state lines." Harry, of course, is appealing the conviction. He considers the trial a travesty of justice and so do a growing legion of sympathizers, from civil libertarians to celebrities, from legislators to private citizens. The question of "obscenity" behind the world's most famous, and perhaps most costly, blowjob is just the head of a burgeoning battle between progressive and regressive legal opinion. The civil libertarians see Harry's case as a challenge of the First Amendment, as an abuse of the "obscenity" standards, and as a flagrant misuse of the dangerous "conspiracy" dragnet. On the other hand, the Memphis muckrakers, for whom the *Deep Throat* trial was just the fourth in a long series of porn prosecutions, are seeking to put porn out of business.

By using the conspiracy charge and by trying an actor they are admittedly seeking to deter anyone from becoming involved in a sexually explicit movie. It would appear that the scare tactic has taken its first toll in Harry himself. No new made-in-USA Reems porn film has appeared since 1974, shortly

after Harry was first involved in Memphis, though in the previous four years he had appeared in over 50 porn loops and features, including some of the most popular ever made. Only the fall '76 premiere of the European X-rated *Swedish Minx* has given any evidence that Harry did not completely drop out of erotic films after his indictment.

"The last film I did in the States was *Sometimes Sweet Susan*. The films I've been connected with reflect that I've always attempted to upgrade the quality of the films. The last four I did in the States were *Sometimes Sweet Susan*, *Wet Rainbow*,

was not because I was tired and bored of porn. I am tired and bored with porn, but it's because the films have never really improved upon themselves.

"They had a certain growth period, then developed into a large industry. After that, as far as actual script content and film style go, they never changed. A formula developed which still exists today, and it's really a shame. Every film has its rape scene, its orgy scene, its lesbian scene, and its young love scene. They're all the same, every one of them, with a little different skeleton story line to tie it all together. No one's really

including the Cafe La Mama, the WPA, the New York Theatre Ensemble, and the National Shakespeare Company, and doing commercials and stage shows. When things got rough and there was no work around, a friend suggested a place where he could make \$75 doing a stag film.

"Sexually I wasn't hung up, but shy. I hadn't been with that many girls in my 22 years. I had a normal sort of male chauvinistic young adult type sexual attitude pursuing women for my own sake. When I started doing sex films, I was scared and shy and didn't know what I was doing. Yet I was excited not only about making money but also the sex was titillating.... So I did it and enjoyed it and from there just continued to do it."

Harry still figured that he could develop his acting skills, learn more about filmmaking, and someday make the jump into legitimate theatre and films. In the early days, he would get so tired of fucking that he would go behind the camera and work for half the pay. Harry summed up his attitude toward his early porn experience: "I wanted good times. I'd found a career that wasn't tedious. I was still growing and it was still exciting. I wanted to relax and smile as much as I could and not get hung up on the questions of life. I was a little kid playing with life."

"Now I enjoy sex films for the frivolity and the sexual and social ramifications of them. As creative works, I find them rather boring. So I take other films that offer me a chance to work in a scripted situation and with filmmakers of credibility and credit who are working on legitimate films. Why not? I'm not looking to become a star. I'm nothing but a curiosity because of the porn and certainly because of the Memphis case. I hope opportunities arise because of it, and that I can work in other films in the States. I have to—they've taken my passport away. I've been

The Trouble With Harry Reems:

PORN'S DEEP GOAT

by M.V. Clayton

Memories Within Miss Aggie, and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. I've turned down all the others, all the junk stuff, all the one-day shoots.

"I did a couple of hard-cores two years ago in Europe. The last four or five films I did were comedies and adventure films in Europe. I only did three sex films, all with a girl in Sweden named Maria Forsa—*Broken Butterfly*, *Bella Mi*, and *Swedish Minx*. Keep your eyes on Maria—she's going to be a hot little number.

"I had a very good career going in Europe. I was really starting to roll, but not in the sex market. The reason I shifted over to the other films

tried anything new. The only scripts that I've seen that had something different in them were the ones that I did, and that was two years ago. They've changed their exploitive tactics—from teenagers to S&M to whatever. Two years ago it was teenage nurses, teenage schoolgirls, and teenage this-and-that. Now it's S&M."

Harry Reems, born Herbert Streicher, has always presented himself as a serious actor. Describing himself as "a nice middle-class Jewish boy from Westchester," he studied theatre in Manhattan, acting in Off-Off Broadway productions, learning his trade with several acting companies.

offered a couple of films in Europe, but I can't go back until this is settled and that'll probably take two years. I've also had an offer for a Broadway show, but I couldn't take it because I've had to keep raising funds.

"I'm still open to doing porn films if the right ones come along. Once I get the bulk of the funds needed—that'll probably be another two or three months—then I can probably go to work while the appeals are pending. Everything is in a state of limbo as far as the courtroom procedures go. I want to go back to work. I have to go back to work.

"I'm not going to be inconsistent or hypocritical. I'm fighting for the freedom to work. I don't want to become obsessed with legal aspects. I've taken a crash course in the law. I'm well-versed on conspiracy and I know obscenity law back to the 1800's, but I'm not going to become consumed with the law and start running around like a layman lawyer trying to vindicate myself. I'll let the lawyers vindicate me through the courtroom procedures."

Among those lawyers working on Harry's vindication is Alan Dershowitz, a Harvard Law School professor and one of the nation's preeminent constitutional lawyers. With Mr. Dershowitz as the lead lawyer and the American Civil Liberties Union and other prominent groups and individuals ready to help, Harry has some of the country's most impressive legal talent working on his appeal. For First Amendment law experts, the *Deep Throat* verdict has raised serious questions about the use of the conspiracy statutes and the standards by which material can be judged obscene. Under the federal prosecutor's opinion, once Harry acted in the film, he was liable for everything that later happened in the alleged conspiracy to transport the so-called obscene material. Dershowitz's stance is that Harry didn't participate in the final editing or production of the film, and when he

acted in it, he had no way of knowing what the final film would be, nor did he have any way of withdrawing from the alleged conspiracy. At the time of his participation, Harry had already signed a contract relinquishing all artistic, marketing, and distribution rights, and he never gained another penny from residuals or royalties.

Dershowitz also contends that Harry was prosecuted under obscenity standards which came into effect almost a year and a half after his role in *Deep Throat*. Before 1973, a sex film was constitutionally protected if, taken as a whole, it was not utterly without "redeeming social value." But in June 1973, in *Miller v. California*, the Supreme Court ruled that material is obscene if it "appeals to a prurient interest in sex, describes sexual conduct in a patently offensive way and, taken as a whole, lacks serious artistic, scientific, or political value." In order to determine whether material appeals to "prurient interest," the Court said that the test must be whether the "average person applying contemporary community standards, perceives this appeal."

It is Dershowitz's contention that in Harry's case, the earlier obscenity standards should have applied. A brief filed by Solicitor General Robert Bork in July '76 seems to support that contention. Bork's brief to the Supreme Court requested a new trial in a Kentucky obscenity case involving another *Deep Throat* conviction. The request admitted error in prosecuting the Kentucky defendants under the post-Miller obscenity standards when the pre-Miller standards should have been used, since the movie was made prior to June 1973. Because of the Bork development, Harry's sentencing was postponed and his conviction could be thrown out and a new trial ordered even before an appeal is filed. In addition, the trial of Harry and other defendants in the *Devil in Miss Jones* case,

originally scheduled for October 4, 1976, was postponed until after the Supreme Court rules on the Bork brief in January or early February. As a result, Harry is in an even greater state of limbo than he was immediately following his conviction. The Memphis judge could set a sentencing date any day now or he could wait until after the Supreme Court's Bork ruling.

While these developments and the strong support he has been receiving have given Harry some solace, he is also aware of a porn purge that has gained momentum in the last year. In that purge, he has seen his friend Al Goldstein, as publisher of *SCREW*, also dragged to an out-of-the-mainstream locality (Wichita) and convicted of conspiracy to transport obscene materials across state lines.

"I know Al's predicament is another atrocity. What is truly obscene is what is happening in all the courtrooms around the country—the eroding of our civil liberties and our basic freedoms of expression. Our creative energies are constantly being strangled."

This is the point that Harry conveys to other entertainers and creative artists in his search for support and defense funds. The success of the conspiracy dragnet has suggested that anyone even remotely involved in a movie or work of art that some local prosecutor thinks is obscene can be indicted and convicted of conspiracy to transport obscene materials across state lines—be he Marlon Brando, a ticket taker, a bank official, or a newspaper publisher.

Harry W. Welford, the federal judge who tried Harry's case said, "If it weren't for actors like Mr. Reems, we wouldn't have movies like *Deep Throat*." Realizing the implications—Reems today, them tomorrow—people like Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, Mike Nichols, Gregory Peck, and many other celebrities have rallied to Harry's support

and helped raise the much-needed defense funds. In the past few months Harry's time has been devoted to fund-raising, since an estimated \$150,000 is needed. He has been crisscrossing the U.S. in pursuit of support. According to Harry, he's still got a long way to go.

"I'm really on a campaign trail to raise funds. Anybody can help me with dollars, anyone that I've given any pleasure to in my movies. Everything costs money, even fund-raising. I'm bankrupt and I haven't got the fucking money to get my underwear out of the cleaners. However, I foresee coming out of this whole predicament much more noble than those who brought me to trial in Memphis."

Amen, Harry. And just one last question for the prurient interest of our readers. How's your sex life?

"Memphis has had a casting effect on me."

Oh, but if you knew Harry like we know Harry, you can bet he'll rise again. ●

To help Harry rise again, send your donation to Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund, Suite 1030, 120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.



STALKING THE WILD SLEAZOID

FUTILE SEARCH FOR KICKS AT THE SLEAZE CONVENTION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CHRIS "BLONDIE" STEIN

TEXT AND DRAWINGS BY
JOHN HOLMSTROM
EDITOR OF PUNK MAGAZINE
(P. 1984)

LETTERING BY
Robert Romanoli



If you're stupid enough to read this magazine, you probably have a good idea of what SLEAZE is, right?

I got suckered into going to the convention by one of the organizers, a six-foot-five-inch promoter named TOM WATKINS. Tom said that he'd pay my way down, feed me, and generally treat me like a **LOWEY** during the three-day extravaganza. Unfortunately, **LEGS McNEIL**, **PUNK**'s Resident Punk, and **GED DUNN**, **PUNK**'s Publisher, came along for the ride I had a rotten time.

No place in the world can be as **DISMAL**, **DREARY**, **DULL**, and **DEPRESSING** as WILMINGTON, DELAWARE. I could smell it (something like **SCOTT'S EGG**) a few miles away. Then I got a good look at the burg... It looked **WORSE** than it smelled.

I called the convention for a ride. An hour later the official **SLEAZE CON** limousine arrived... a tan Volkswagen bug with the front seat ripped out.

It took about 10 MINUTES to absorb the entire scene. The most interesting part was the simulated porno parlor. They tacked up about 100 porno magazine **COVERS** on the wall, so when you walked in you got hit in the face with a hundred **BLONDES**. Also on display:

MAGAZINES (**SCREW** was on hand, of course), and an inflatable woman, dildos, vibrators, womb brooms, and assorted paraphernalia. A tiny room in back ran a cheap porno flick of a chick getting turned on by a **SEXY CATALAN**, calling up the department store, and fucking the black delivery guy.

Outside the porno parlor: idiotic comic books, morose religious propaganda, **BLAXPLOITATION** **MOVIES** from past and present, original pages from **PUNK**, supermarket displays, **HOTDOG** fix, wrestling masks, and other oddball trash. **Edith Massey**, the **EGG LADY** from **PINK FLAMINGOS**, was selling secondhand clothes, costume jewelry, toilet transfer radios, **PINK FLAMINGOS** ashtrays, and more thrift shop garbage. We had a table next to hers where we pushed **PUNK** tee shirts and magazines.

The coolest thing there was the **BIG CENTENNIAL DOUCHE MACHINE**... a giant erector set-tinkertoy that did nothing but make a lot of flashy noise and break down. A small television played videotapes of religious shows featuring people like **TEX WATSON** and **CHARLES COLSON** explaining how **Christ** had entered their lives.

It was the lousy music they played at this place that drove me to find the nearest bar. I was out of money so I hit **TOM WATKINS** up for a **50¢** so I could go get loaded. He suggested the **Renaissance Bar**, a local hot spot. I proceeded to get **SMASHED**. A dozen **15s** later this bar started filling up with weirdos from the **SLEAZE CON**. Suddenly it dawned on me... this stupid convention is being held by a bunch of **praggs**, **QUEERS** and **TRANVESTITES** who thought it would be a sick joke to strand a couple of straight **NEW YORK PUNKS** down in Wilmington, Delaware.

LEGS showed up. I told him the bad news but he didn't mind because **15s** were only 30 cents, so he bought six and piled each one on top of the other until they fell all over the bar. Someone had told us that no one ever gets thrown out of the **Renaissance** so **LEGS** was determined to be the first. The rest of the writers who came down to cover the convention arrived, and proceeded to play **BOBOWLING PINBALL**, started **SIGING** and generally **ACTED CRAZY**. **LEGS** was pretty disgusted once the



Sleazy punk with his two cardboard friends.

TRANVESTITES showed up. We finally got thrown out when **LEGS** got in a bunch of fights and started falling on the floor a lot.

Later we went back to the bar to catch the last of the **SLEAZE CON** cocktail party. We cajoled two fans of **PUNK** into buying us a couple of **15s**. Then we went to watch the **MOVIES**.

They were showing Roger Corman's **NOT OF THIS EARTH**. I passed out. I never did see any of the great movies they showed. I wanted to. They showed

DIANE LINKLETTER ^{TOP}
PLAND FROM OUTER SPACE
I WAS A **TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN**,
and **HORROR AT PARTY BEACH**,
to name a few. I missed all of them.

When I woke up I left the smoky screening room to meet the morons who actually paid **\$15** to attend the sleaze disaster. One of our fans had purchased a **50¢** pack so I didn't waste any time getting down to business. I figured that as long as I had to spend a weekend in this **CRUMMY PLACE** I may as well be too drunk to remember any of it. What happened after this I've reconstructed from other people's accounts.

I do remember this big fan of ours (**Byron** he called himself at times, at other times **MARK**, at other times other less-memorable titles) horsing around with us. I found out later he was on



LEGS and was drinking heavily. I thought it was pretty funny when he picked up our Publisher, **GED**, and threw him down on the ground. When **GED** got up he and **LEGS** split, but **FASTO**. I was too drunk to notice any trouble so I stayed. **Byron** started on me. He punched me hard **RIGHT IN THE STOMACH**. I went down. I stayed **DOWN**. (SPEL)



He punched me in the stomach.
I went down.

Some people helped me up. He started to push me toward the **WINDOW** to throw me out. People noticed my predicament and got me out of there. Good thing, too, 'cause I was too **SACKED** to take care of myself. We got down to the street and I almost got **POW**. This guy yelled, "HEY! GIDDADAROAD, ASSHOLE! YOU WANNA GET **RUNNED**?" So I screamed **FUCK YOU MAN** and twenty greasers appeared out of nowhere to beat me up. I ran into the car 'cause I didn't want to get beat up. Once I got into the car I felt very aggressive. "MAN! I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE BUT IF HE WANTS TO START SOMETHING, MAN, I'LL KILL HIM! I'LL FUCKIN KILL HIM!" (CRUM)

All of this is very out of character for me. I'm a nonviolent person. I just had to get drunk out of my mind to keep my sanity.

I got out of the car and made friends with the greasers. **CRACKERS** they call them down there. and we left

Some chick drove me away. I got really **HOT** on the idea that I'd pick up a girl my first night at the convention, but she drove me to her **BOYFRIEND**'s house. When I heard how close I came to being **BEATEN UP** or **MURDERED** I was **SHOCKED**. I vowed **NEVER** to drink again. I slept over at some **RICH PEOPLE**'s house.

The second day, Saturday, was **REALLY** boring. The only good things to happen were that I got interviewed by **QUI** magazine and **TOM WATKINS** took us out to dinner at an **EXPENSIVE** restaurant.

The only people who attended this stupid convention were **MEDIA** people. **TV** news, newspapers, **HIGH TIMES**, **NEW YORK**, **QUI**, **PLAYBOY**, **PUNK**, etc., etc. The **SLEAZE CON** itself was a **FLOP**. No "people" came, just a few dozen curious souls. The real audience for Sleaze is the **MEDIA**. Now that I'm on the inside of this business I'm sure of it. Journalists are the **SLEAZIEST**.

At the movies that night I watched **Love Letter to Eric**, which was pretty good, and **PINK FLAMINGOS**, which was so boring I fell asleep halfway through. When I woke up some friends from **NEW YORK** showed up... Debbie and Chris from the rock group **GRONKIE**, Anya Phillips and Marty Thau. I started drinking again. We drove out to some **CAYDISE**. **LEGS** picked up a chick and danced with her while I played **PONDBALL**.



The only real audience for sleaze is the media.



Edith the egg lady peddling her wares

with Chris and Peblow. We got even more bored so we decided to leave. We dropped **LEGS** off at his motel.

Back at **CLONIES** motel, we were still bored. Chris suggested kidnapping **LEGS**. Anya loved the idea so we borrowed some of her nylon **STOCKINGS** to put over our heads, grabbed some bags of **ICE WATER** and drove away.

We tried to get into **LEGS**'s room. No luck. We went to my room. I opened the door.

LEGS was **(fucking)** on the bed **SCREWING** the girl! I yelled for the people to throw the ice water but they were too **EMBARRASSED** to look... so they missed. I ran into the room **"IDIOTS! MORONS! YOU MISSED! YOU MISSED!"**

I picked up a bag and hit **LEGS**, and ran out the door. **LEGS** pulled on some pants and chased me around the motel. First he tried to **BEAT ME WITH HIS BELT**, then he tried to **BRAIN ME WITH A CHAIR**.

HOLMSTROM, I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL GET YOU BACK SOMEDAY! JUST YOU WAIT!

Sunday was the **PITS**. The only good thing that happened was that my friend **JODY** showed up. As soon as she arrived we all went out for drinks. Everyone else was so **BORED** they

decided to leave. Judy and I stayed for the **MISS SLEAZE PAGEANT**.

This was the **HIGHLIGHT** of the convention. The judges sat in front of everyone. They introduced me as **PUNK** editor "from **NEW YORK CITY**". This got a lot of applause.

There were three judges... Miss Edie, a black transvestite, and **ME**. There were three contestants: two rather unattractive girls and a transvestite with a poodle and a moustache. We had to ask them **STUPID** questions, so I asked the stupidest questions I could like, **"DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL-TALENT?"** Of course none of them did.

I voted for one of the girls but Edie and the cross-dresser voted against me, so the unshaven transvestite won. When they took the winner's picture with the judges it tried to put its arm around me and I almost **PUNCHED** its face in.

I'm sorry I ever attended. This **SLEAZE** thing happened five years ago. There's really **NOTHING** in it. **DECADENCE** doesn't make it any more.



Miss Sleaze: I almost punched her face in.

On the trainride home **JODY** and I were interviewed by some guy who wanted to know what our favorite **COLORS** were. We got drunk on the train, staggered off, and went home. Boy, was I glad **THAT** was over.

The *Shit List* was plopped onto the public in February 1969, and the world has been just the same ever since. As a regular column in SCREW, the weekly sex review, *Shit List* was the most exciting and successful innovation in popular journalism since Gutenberg discovered type. Without fear or favors, *Shit List* has boldly taken on such nationally known figures as Henry Kissinger, Norman Mailer, and Bella Abzug. But in his flushing frenzy, Goldstein also never forgets the little people of the earth—Joe the janitor, the salesman from Bell Telephone, Richard Nixon.

Having one's name placed on the *Shit List* is of course an honor, and those so honored respond accordingly, with obscene phone calls, law suits, and hired teams of assassins. That Al Goldstein has survived his unique and innovative journalism this long says something about how easy it is to hide in a city as large as New York.

Shit List, like a Hostess Twinkie, has been often imitated but never duplicated. That's because the imitators, no matter how much money they have, lack the essential ingredient—the fractured and factious prose of Al Goldstein.

Now, due to a unprecedented demand from those on his payroll, Al is preparing to unleash *Shit List* on the readers of NATIONAL SCREW. Let the great and gauche of the world be warned and beware. To give a peek at just what you can expect in this column in future issues, we reproduce below some of Al's gaudiest hits from the combative past of *Shit List*.

Henry Kissinger

Henry Kissinger, who has illusions of WASPness and who was referred to by Richard Milhouse Nixon as Jewboy, is known for his egomania. Hence, tales of his involvement in the sundry Watergate transgressions against personal freedom have ricocheted around Washington for years, but Kissinger's brilliant seduction of the press has until now given him sole custody of the press's jugular vein, its asshole. Most members of the press, if you merely acknowledge that they exist or occasionally give them a free drink, will be your personal valets for life. Henry Kissinger, though not a Brooklyn Jew, has all the charm of a Brooklyn Jew, and thus, has worked with the efficiency of an insurance salesman to keep the journalistic whores and press lords at his beckoning call.

Kissinger has done some good deeds for this country, but his arrogance and all-embracing abrasiveness are still no excuse for his thinking that he is bigger than government or its laws. It's bad enough when the President of the United States believes that; but for the secretary of state to have the same delusions of grandeur is something we should not be blackmailed into either applauding or acquiescing to.

The danger is that Kissinger's shallow disloyalties are so distorted I can see him jumping out of a plane and working for the Russians or Chinese in the same way that Werner von Braun left his Nazi homeland to work on American rocketry.

Tom Snyder

Shunned for its flagrant odor, garlic is a distress to all mankind. Because of its intolerable rankness it has been detested since the beginning of history. People abhor the pungent odor of the bulb which is scientifically called *allium sativum*. There is even a word for the psychosis or fear of garlic, "alliphobia." In fact, the Greeks would not permit garlic eaters to enter the temple of Cybele, and Shakespeare advised actors to abstain from this maligned member of the lily family when they were "to utter sweet breath." Garlic has been used to drive moles from their holes. In fact, in 1722, Galen prescribed it as an antidote to poison. If we were to substitute the words "Tom Snyder" for "garlic," we would have an apt comparison.



This moronic pretty boy of the airwaves has been on the NBC *Tomorrow Show* for the past few years. And though I had hoped he would fade in the same way that a rash would, he has continued to hang on which only indicates the low level of quality in the current media.

An obnoxious article in *The Village Voice* some time ago by the ever-genuflecting Stephen West seemed so affirmative that I assumed that Tom Snyder's wife wrote it. Who else could love such an idiot? But the enigma of why Snyder is the empty hole that he is was explained when *The Voice* pointed out that he is 38 years old, was born and raised in Milwaukee, and attended Marquette University. At the age of 21, he dropped out of school obviously because he found the advanced schooling too difficult, and has been a gypsy bouncing around from Savannah, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, to Los Angeles again, and now to New York. Like the leper looking for a place to drop the latest hanging piece of flesh, Snyder is also, as one of the producers who

worked with him on the KNBC program in LA, said, "a really straight hornie Catholic, a prude. Would Tom Snyder ever smoke marijuana? Not on your life." Obviously, this is the timber of the man who won't permit us on TV and who would badmouth SCREW. With enemies such as this, I can only feel once more that I am on the right track.

Norman Mailer

Is Norman Mailer a fagget? It would at this point seem to be obvious that he is. Normie was challenged by me to a fistfight some time ago. For three days, the old fool accepted, but then he realized that I would cream the boisterous asshole he is, so his buddies talked him into backing out. That saved Normie a good shelling, but would indicate that if I offered to fuck him once in the ass he would gladly accept. Norman Mailer is a passive clod with latent heterosexual leanings, a fondness for Greek culture and large

dildos. At this point, I wouldn't bother fighting the prick. Why should I help him publicize his books?

Shirley Temple Black

This grown-up simple case should have her mouth removed before she does any more harm. Temple, or oozing pussy, as her lovers refer to her, once said that criminal Spiro Agnew is "a brilliant man and [she] agrees with everything he says." Then this closet clown said, "I don't care for Women's Lib. I prefer the strong arms of my husband around me." What this stunted stiletto needs is a hot cock up her peepee and that might change this frog-legged lady into a living entity.

Susan Brownmiller

Did it ever strike your mind as strange that all the spokeswomen for the Women's Lib movement are writers? Where are the typists, secretaries, nurses, and teachers? To me, it seems more than a mere coincidence that the people who are ripping off the women's movement are writers who obviously further their own careers in the prices they can get for their articles, the more they are quoted in the press. Gloria Steinem, Sally Kempton, and of course Susan Brownmiller, are examples.

These are not feminists but rather writers in search of a movement, bitchhikers looking for a vehicle to give them a free ride. To feminine writers on the make, it is Women's Lib. It's rather illuminating that the greatest "reparations" that should be paid to the women of this country are not from the men who oppress, but rather from the movement's leaders who manipulate their masses with the precision and skill of a Mussolini or Hitler.

The Penultimate Shit

For almost the entire duration of SCREW's existence, which commenced on November 4, 1968, I have been chronicling the turds both large and little who have mottled the road that crossed over my life. In this week's *Shit List*, I have to list the smelliest and blackest of shits and that is simply you, the SCREW lipreader. Most of you have the brains of an ice cube left in the simmering sun, and when most of you have faded from this mortal coil, that will be all the world will remember you for—a little pool of piss.

I realize that most SCREW readers have the mobility of sewer rats, and your sex lives are as colorless as a covey of paraplegics on the North Pole. But that still doesn't give you the right to put me down, especially when I am known for my gentleness, innocence, and general complacent nature. You are simply valueless clods who clutter and confuse, and confound, and who, other than feeding the worms and nurturing the flowers of the future, are wastrels.

So yes, this *Shit List* is all about you, and the ultimate put-down to you as readers is that you are not only being abused but that you have paid for the pleasure of being abused, which is the final absurdity to your rather pointless lives. The best thing you can do for the world, if you were to ask the rhetorical question, is simply to take up a lifetime subscription to SCREW and then jump off the highest bridge you can find. The world will mourn you in the same way that it moans the shit of a minnow.

These samples have no doubt set up quiverings in your id, and, kids and kittens, we promise you more. Al is already at work constructing a series of new and better *Shit Lists* written especially and exclusively for NATIONAL SCREW. So give up your analyst, forget medication, flush your granola, and come to NATIONAL SCREW for catharsis. We promise it will be a primal scream.



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or AFO, see page 31 for applicable rates.)

Smut From the Past aficionados have a real treat in store for them in this edition of our nostalgia-packed column. (The rest of you, I'm afraid, will simply have to bear with us.) For what we have on view here, fresh from the past and delivered directly to you, is nothing less than a priceless set of rare Betty Page bondage pix.

Few of you, we're sure, need be told who Betty Page is. As for the more obscure "bondage," it is an important, and much misunderstood, branch of S&M (*Ess-n-Em*) and basically involves the tying up of oneself and/or others, to walls, chairs, beams, or any other household items, whether for sport, commerce, art, recreation, or simply the joy of "letting go." It is a practice that is not only surprisingly widespread, but much more prevalent than you think. And while we wouldn't go as so far as to say that Betty Page *invented* bondage, or even *popularized* it, we can assert that she may well have been the first and best-known model of her day to allow herself to be photographed engaging in it.

Though bondage modeling may have been this vintage tomato's meat and potatoes, it was by no means her bread and butter or, for that matter, sole source of income; you don't earn the sobriquet of Crowned Princess of Porn Past by putting all your erotic eggs in one professional basket. Indeed, an avid Betty Page buff could probably show you countless photos of Ms. Page posed in an equal or even greater number of non-bondage attitudes—now nude on the prow of a dockside scow, now nakedly cavorting about a verdant hillside, now cringing in the corner of a basement opium den, a mischief-minded Chinaman approaching.

Betty Page was all these things and nothing if not versatile. To be perfectly frank, as the only halfway decent-looking broad willing to pose for ill-paying box camera bondage sessions of



"Tight enough for you?"

"Mm."

this ilk, Betty's versatility may have been born more of necessity than choice. This does not, however, in any way diminish our debt to this pioneering porn performer and lone sex superstar in an era of erotic anonymity. As one tearful *Smut From the Past* staffer so aptly put it, "If it hadn't been for Betty Page..." While he was too wracked by emotion to go on,

we're sure his sentiments are shared by every *Smut From the Past* fan worthy of the name.

And while on the subject of indebtedness, permit us to extend our thanks to smut donor Steve Gross, of the Bronx, New York, for sharing with us this important Page from our pornographic past, and contribute to his private coffers a fully authorized

check for \$25. If you'd like to be on the receiving end of similar thanks and money, simply send your vintage smut photos to Nostalgia Department, Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. If we run your submissions here, your check will not only get to you safely, but in no more than a single bounce. ●

SMUT FROM THE PAST

by Joe Kane



"Myself, I'm not much for leather..."



...but I'll just make this a little tighter."



"Men tell me I'm easily 'swayed.'"



"I've completely forgotten the combination."

THE ART OF ANALINGUS

Each situation prescribes its own procedures, but it adds to the mounting passion of both partners if they make out a while before the actual rimming. *Chewing tongues, nibbling at ears and throat, embracing each other's naked bodies, helps you dig the beautiful scene even more. Then, you might gradually start running your lips over each other's flesh, letting your tongues run like horny serpents in and out and over any parts of those bodies you happen to be facing at the moment. Gradually, as cunt and/or cock have been kissed and licked until every nerve ending in the body is screaming for a volcanic release, one or both can start sliding the tongue gently on its way into the waiting asshole. Tease that luscious rectum a few minutes with quick darting licks. Follow with a number of heavy soul kisses right in the middle of that sperm-stirring pink blossom leading to the tunnel of paradise.*

Don't forget the cheeks. The next step, among connoisseurs, is to slowly arouse every square inch of flesh in those fabulous cheeks with a spidery teasing by that mother of all snakes, your talented tongue. When the ass is in a state of firm quivering ecstasy, it is time for the ultimate grace, the plunging of your rigid tongue as deep into that waiting asshole as you can thrust it. In and out, side to side, plunge and suck until it feels as though the body beneath your mouth is going to explode into a million fiery fragments. This is the time of complete surrender. You can now proceed to the final step, doing whatever thing you both like best to reach the longest, raunchiest, most soul-satisfying, electronic orgasm of which human plumbing is capable. If you can come at all, you will keep coming until you think your whole fucking body (including your bones) has flowed out into the bottomless pit of your partner's equally drained torso. Forget about seconds; you'll never make it—at least for an hour or two.

Sad to say, the ecstatic attitude toward ass-licking so fulsomely expressed in the passage reproduced above (from SCREW #45, April, 1969) is not yet wholeheartedly embraced by the American public at large. In the course of



by Mark Swain

compiling this article, not a single one of the individuals consulted, more or less at random, responded positively to the notion of having their assholes eaten by the NATIONAL SCREW Asshole-Eating Research Bureau. And needless to say, the reverse situation—viz., any suggestion that they might wish to lick the sphincter of a Bureau member—elicited an even more vehemently negative reaction.

As a typical example, Susan B., white, age 23, a cocktail waitress: "You want somebody to do that kind of shit, Jack, you take \$50 and try one of those hookers on Times Square! And I hope you get your head shot off." Angelo P., Hispanic, age 19, a theatre usher: "Man, you do what you want in front, but you touch my ass and I cut your throat all round to your big toe." Molly D., 29, white, unemployed: "Oh come on, for Christ sake! That Goldstein fat-ass has given you some sleazy assignments before this, but I draw the fucking line at ass-sucking!" Stavros Calliope, "past 30," Greek, musician: "Darling, if I was only ten years younger! Then you'd be ten years younger, and I'd love to!"

This pervasive anti-asshole-eating bias is perplexing. It was widely supposed, after the publication of that aforementioned article in SCREW #45, that asshole-eating would shortly join fellatio, cunnilingus, and bicycle seat-sniffing as a previously condemned mode of sexual expression which, in the '70's, would flower into universal ac-

ceptance and avid practice. Yet of 3,450 "sex-advice letters" published in erotic magazines in 1975-76, only a virtually insignificant 18, or 1.3 per cent, dealt at all with asshole-eating. This depressing reluctance of Americans to pick up on asshole-eating is further underscored by an independent poll taken recently, for reasons unknown, by a prominent Madison Avenue market-research corporation:

Q: Do you engage in sexual activity of a nature that would motivate you to consider purchasing a flavored anal lubricant called "Lily of the Valley"? Yes: 3%. No: 27%. Don't Understand Question: 70%.

OPPRESSION OF THE ASSHOLE

Yet there are and always have been people given over enthusiastically to asshole-eating as a preferred element in sexual foreplay. And having stated this fact bluntly, we will go further and affirm that yes, for many people asshole-licking constitutes the *prime* element of the sex act in *itself*. These people, asshole-eaters we may as well term them, have continually suffered the active opprobrium of the wider community of "normals." The unconstitutional and capriciously applied statutes against "sodomy" have actually been construed, in many states, as having reference to asshole-licking; with the result that countless otherwise functional and relatively inoffensive citizens have been dragged into court on asshole-eating charges, their reputations impugned, their property impounded, and often as not, their bodies hauled off to jail! Title VIII, Section XIII of the Arkansas Omnibus Pervert-Bashing Bill (enacted 1932) is an apt example of such an unwholesome ordinance:

Any person or persons who...do knowingly and willfully allow, admit, invite, or entertain in their *hinder parts* the tongue, lips, chin, nose, cheeks, forehead, eyebrow-ridge, ear, or any other articulation, or feature or process of the face or head...including but not limited to the *hinder parts* and/or face...or any who proposes, suggests, counsels, admits, describes, contemplates, consents, conspires, intends, desires, directs, forces, encourages,

And she will sit upon the very face of the King.

bids or utters... such an abominable depredation of the flesh... act of bestial depravity, repugnant to the holy scriptures of the Bible, God, and Jesus H. Christ the Living God... so foul the animals will not willingly do it... liable under the provisions of this statute to... twenty years and \$10,000 fine, nor more than capital punishment and the confiscation of the guilty party's estate, the laws of probate not applying in event of such heinous and disgusting transgression against religion and the community.

These unhappy individuals, asshole-lickers, have perforce been compelled to live lives of total shame and sordid deceit. Many have sought sexual relief through contact with prostitutes male and female, and have been blackmailed, cursed and beaten—even robbed!—afterward. Worse yet, those who seek psychiatric counseling have frequently been horrified to witness their darkest fantasies appearing later as “case histories” in scientific monographs. For example, in Dr. Richard Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1896 ed.):

Case 127: B., 32, merchant, tainted with a discoloured patch over the sternum about the size of a Maria-Theresa dollar, but otherwise fit and well, except for his lungs. At age 9, B. was enticed into a privy by an older schoolmate, who displayed his hairy generative organs and provoked B. to do the same. Greatly affected by the stench of the privy (hereditary disposition toward caprophobia?), B. removed himself from this disgusting and revolting situation, and swore fervently never to do it again. Patient has one testicle noticeably larger than its mate. He told his wife, “You must lie back with your eyes closed and permit me to lick your anus and rectum with my tongue.” This was usually performed before every act of carnal intimacy, on an average of twice a week. The woman endured it out of respect for B., as she appears to believe. Last month, B. began to cough violently, blood mixed in the sputum. I cannot imagine how he allowed his nauseating practices and “tricks” to continue until it was too late! Wife's public hair pattern significantly resembles a gurgyle and an angel locked in mortal combat, with great razor-sharp swords; her maternal grandfather was a crass-eyed liar.

Or put yourself in the place of poor “Charlotte,” whose transcribed free

associations form Chapter Three in Dr. B.A. Bodkin, M.D.'s *American Anal Addicts* (1975):

Listen, I would rather eat a guy's asshole than pancakes in maple syrup, Doc. I was just born that way, I guess. When I see a guy in tight britches, any guy, my mouth waters up and drools over: I want to bend him over a bed and get down on my knees and plaster my cute little turned-up nose right in between his quivering boonie-cheeks. First I give him a good hard suck right over his hole, hard enough to give him a hickey all up his perineal lining to his pylorus. If he farts in my mouth, thick and yeasty, so much the better! Then I slide my tongue up the crack to the caccyx bone, Doc, collecting whatever sweat I can get on the tip of my tongue, all salty and grainy with the little dirt-speckles. Then I go real slow all around his right-hand ass-cheek, sucking and kissing up big red hickies, and back up to the left cheek to where I started. Looks like a fucking valentine when I'm done, you bet! Then I spread his bauns out with my hands as far as I can, and dive straight back into his little tight brownie-shutter. I lick it and lick it with the rough flat surface of my tongue, which I then fold up like a painted taco waffle, and thrust it straight in the bung-hole. I got a long tongue, Doc; I exercise it daily. Stiff, too, you bet! Lots of times the guy'll start coming just from the way I eat his ass, but mostly I have to help him along by reaching around and jerking him off. I'm good at that, too. I can milk 'em like cows—I got great wrist action. Once he comes, usually he tries to get away for a while, but I won't have it. When you get a big juicy ass to suck, you don't let it go too soon. I get him up again even if I have to eat his cock instead of his ass for a while. The guy has to come at least twice, see, for his sphincter to relax so much I can get my tongue all the way up to his prostate. And then don't I make 'em jump! That's when I come too, when I can get my tongue all the way up his tush like that. It never fails. What's the matter with me, Dr. Bodkin? Am I some kind of far out pervert, or just a courageous pioneer of alternative avenues of sexual self-realization?

Whatever advice “Charlotte” received from Dr. B.A. Bodkin, M.D., surely she must have been deeply mortified to read her anguished words, years later, in a luridly illustrated

paperback, merchandised through the gutter press as a “Hard-Line Sexpose”! Evidently the Hippocratic Oath does not extend to asshole-suckers.

THE ASSHOLE IN HISTORY

Ironically, asshole-eating was a firmly established sex technique long before Hippocrates. Anthropologists studying the remains of *Australopithecus Africanus*, recently excavated from Kenya's ancient Ngorongoro Crater, strongly hint that this 3.5 million-year-old “man” was an accomplished *tuchusfesser*: “The receding chin of this individual,” maintains best-selling naturalist Robert Hardy, “rendered access to his mate's rectum unbelievably convenient. The virtual absence of a nose must have contributed considerably to this happy disposition of parts, and there are signs that his tongue was a foot long and versatile as a frog's. It must have been a long, careful era of continual innocent amusement for *Australopithecus*, licking out his mate's lively hairy asshole under the great gorgeous African moon, hour after hour, night after night.”

Speaking of historical times, perhaps the oldest unmistakable reference to asshole-sucking occurs in the Old Testament, midway through King Solomon's immortal love poem to the Queen of Sheba, *The Song of Songs*:

17. Fairer than the carrion-crow of the Hebron scaffold art thou, daughter of princes; yea, more comely than a row of thieves hanging from the Hebron scaffolds.

18. Thy lips are fuller than the full moon that rises over Jordan, and eke thy navel: tangled is thy hair, the hem of a man's garment is caught in it.

19. Like a mare of the Hittite chariots are thy nether-quarters, the smell whereof is the fragrance of a heifer in springtime. Dark and mysterious is the way thy thither inwards.

20. I will go and lie in the loins of my sister, my love. I sing that I will bury my countenance in the fullness thereof, yea even my face in the warmth of my beloved's arse.

21. And she will sit upon the very face of the King, and be transfixed upon his brazen tongue.

Proceeding another thousand years, we find that while the Greeks evidently eschewed asshole-licking (except the Spartans, who employed it as part of

(continued)

Analingus

(continued)

military training), the noble Romans were enthusiastic practitioners. Slaves specially trained in the art of asshole-sucking were called *osculata*, and commanded premium prices at the Ostia slave-auctions. Under Julius Caesar, a pair of Libyan boys were sold as *osculata* for the unprecedented sum of 30,000 sesterces. (One would be interested to learn how asshole-licking was accomplished in tandem, but records are, alas, missing.) German and Celtic girls were particularly favored as female *osculata*, since it was said their broad cheekbones and tall foreheads provided ideal cushions upon which to sit.

On the other side of the sesterce, it was considered demeaning for a free-born Roman to actively perform asshole-licking. In true Roman fashion, the senator Mincius Tungus Amungus starved himself to death in 152 A.D., when his wife Frigidia filed for divorce on the grounds that he was forever trying to eat her asshole. The pathetic situation in which nobly born asshole-eaters consequently found themselves is best summed up in this poignant epigram from Meleager:

*Sweet Bithynian damsel, I would
Were I another man
Forcibly ravish your white limbs
Until you shrieked like a Sabine virgin
Your body wholly cleft
Your fingers talonlike working
Until I was done
But all I want
Is your blonde ass to eat*

With the decline of conventional Roman moral values after Augustus, though, asshole-eating became all the rage. While there is really little indication—contrary to popular rumor—that the notorious whore-Empress Messalina was given over to asshole-eating, the so-called "respectable" Hadrian was most assuredly addicted to the practice. When Hadrian's barely pubescent Armenian boyfriend, Antinoos, drowned in the Nile, the grief-stricken Emperor ordained that the youth should be worshipped as a demigod throughout the Empire. Life-size marble effigies of Antinoos were carved and erected under Hadrian's close supervision. All these statues depicted the youth stark nude, and special care was taken to carve the posteriors thereof with more-than-anatomical verisimilitude. Teeth-marks and corroded patches between the hinder cheeks of these pornographic statues bear mute witness, even today, to the type of "sacred genuflections" the cultists performed before (or rather, behind) their graven images.

And so the history of asshole-licking marches nobly onwards, alternately forbidden, and then glorified. In the Dark Ages, whole peasant communities at a time would be mysteriously possessed with "St. Osco's Dance," forming mile-long daisy chains of asshole-lickers, performing mindlessly, hour after hour. In the Middle Ages, men and women were burned by the thousands for allegedly sucking the devil's asshole at black masses. During the Reformation, countless multitudes left the Catholic Church forever when Pope Adrian IV frivolously concluded that Jesus must have been delivered through the Virgin Mary's rectum, and that all devotions should therefore be directed toward that part of her votive statues.

And in our own modern times? Well, you should just hear a few of those tapes

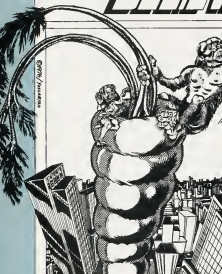
which ex-President Nixon was so anxious to keep out of Leon Jaworski's little Minolta!

But why, the NATIONAL SCREW Asshole-Eating Research Bureau is compelled to ask, is this perfectly wholesome (with proper sanitary precautions) and gentle expression of affection given the "bum's rush," as it were, in this oh-so-"liberated" day and age? Why aren't we all lovingly and freely sucking and being sucked? Why is asshole-sucking considered to be the exclusive recreation of degenerates and brain-damaged polymorphous perverts? If our assholes are too filthy to fool around with, doesn't that really mean that there are parts of our *minds* too dirty for the light of day?

Think about it, America. It's about time we all grew up, by God! ●



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DALLAS, TEXAS HAS AN EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN THE EXACT SHAPE OF A CARROT!



SIX RINGS! JEE Z, ELTON JOHN DIED!!

DUE TO POORLY WORDED LEGAL TERMINOLOGY IN CALIFORNIA'S NEW RIGHT TO DIE LEGISLATION, THAT STATE NOW DEFINES MEDICAL DEATH AS BEING UNREACHABLE BY TELEPHONE FOR MORE THAN TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

THE UNITED STATES HAS SOLD THE CRYOGENICALLY PRESERVED BODY OF WALT DISNEY TO THE SHAH OF IRAN FOR ALMOST THREE QUARTERS OF A BILLION DOLLARS!!

SOME SORT OF AMERICAN JOKE, SIRE?



NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA AS TO WHAT THE SHAH INTENDS TO DO WITH HIS PURCHASE.

FuManchu

(cont. from page 64)

I was roused as from an opium stupor early in the next afternoon. I awoke to find the entire Embassy compound in an uproar. Sir Charles, it seemed, was a suicide, his brains scattered all across his desk by a blow from his ancient service pistol! It was given out that at the news, Beth-li had suffered a collapse and was isolated in her chambers under sedation. Curse me for the callow, moralizing prig I was in those days, but I had neither the heart nor the stomach to contact Beth-li on my own, during the days which followed. In fact, I would see my betrothed again...but one time more.

I floated through that time as though in a dream. To whom could I confide my discoveries, and with what hope of being believed? The very horrifying nature of what I knew worked against me: for without proof, who would possibly believe the truth as I knew it? No, before I made the facts known to anyone, there would be weeks, nay months of careful research, ruthless compilation of data, merciless extortion of information.... But for the time being I was stunned, dazed...mute.

On the very next day, after a brief ceremony at the Embassy, Sir Charles's remains were dispatched to the homeland for burial. His loyal wife, Kate, and his devoted daughter, Beth-li, accompanied him on this, his last voyage. But when Sir Charles reached England's shores, Kate and Beth-li were no longer by his side. Both mother and daughter had disappeared utterly at some point in the passage! Nor was Kate ever heard from again. And as for Beth-li...after so many years...will it always be so difficult to say this?

A box arrived. An exquisitely carved and inlaid wooden box of Mandarin design. Not very large, nor very heavy was this box. I could lift it in my two arms, hold it to my chest, deposit it on a table in my chamber while I read its accompanying note.

"My dear fellow!" said the note. "Had you been a less spirited fish, We might have landed you, and what a fine prize you would have made! But now We go in search of other game. Farewell! Let this little trifle be your memento of our meeting.

"As for the woman, your unexpected visit has no doubt negated her usefulness as a means of drawing you more permanently to Us. And then too, she seems to have been nurturing a secret affection for you, quite against Our orders. Like wise craftsmen, We discard imperfect tools: take her if you will!

"And now to the final matter. In your haste to leave Us, you left behind some belongings. It is Our pleasure to return them now. Once more, farewell."

The great Chinese Beast. I will pursue him through all of my life, and if necessary, through eternity as well. I will hunt him down and destroy him utterly! Within that exquisite wooden box were two others, one small and one large. In the smaller box I found a human heart. And in the larger... Beth-li's severed head.

Editors' note: The following excerpt is from an article in the *New York Times*, June 8, 1971:

London, June 8: Services were held

today in Westminster Abbey for Sir John Weymouth-Smythe. Over almost 5 decades Sir John had served actively and in high-ranking capacities in the British Foreign Service, Interpol and Scotland Yard. He was a senior official in the last named organization when he disappeared in a freak boating accident in the English Channel in June of 1966. Since five years is the normal statutory limit in cases of disappearance until legal death is declared, services for Sir John had to wait until the present time, even though hope for his survival was long ago abandoned. The accident occurred in daylight and a calm sea....



"Next time I got to be the collie."

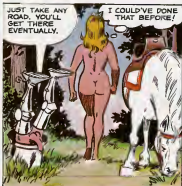
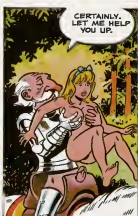
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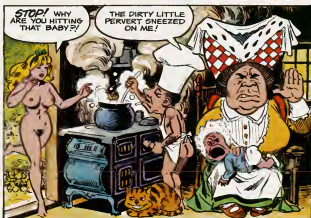


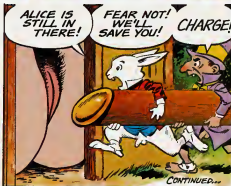
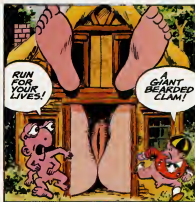
Malice In Wonderland

by wallace wood









Fashion by Goldstein

Fashion centers in New York, Paris, and Warsaw are still in shock over the recent show by Goldstein, whose revolutionary style has hit with all the impact of raw meat thrown into a cage of vegetarians.

For example, this splendid piece from the Goldstein Collection features the world's greatest logo in four rich, almost Fauvist hues against a backdrop of bold white. In the most daring move of all, Goldstein constructed the back of the shirt in a solid field of the same, bold white. The neck hole is being viewed as a gesture to appease traditionalists.

Goldstein, a true showman like all great designers, concluded his showing of this particular item by drowning the model.

The only question remaining in the wake of this Goldstein triumph: how many will be daring enough to buy it?



Yes, I'm daring enough to wear the best.

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Please Print

A young woman with blonde hair is posing for a photograph. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is holding a ginger and white tabby cat in her arms. The cat is looking towards the camera. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text.

I love to please,
I love to pose.
In next month's NATIONAL SCREW
I'm pleased to pose for you.